

# The Sketch

No. 761.—Vol. LIX.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1907.

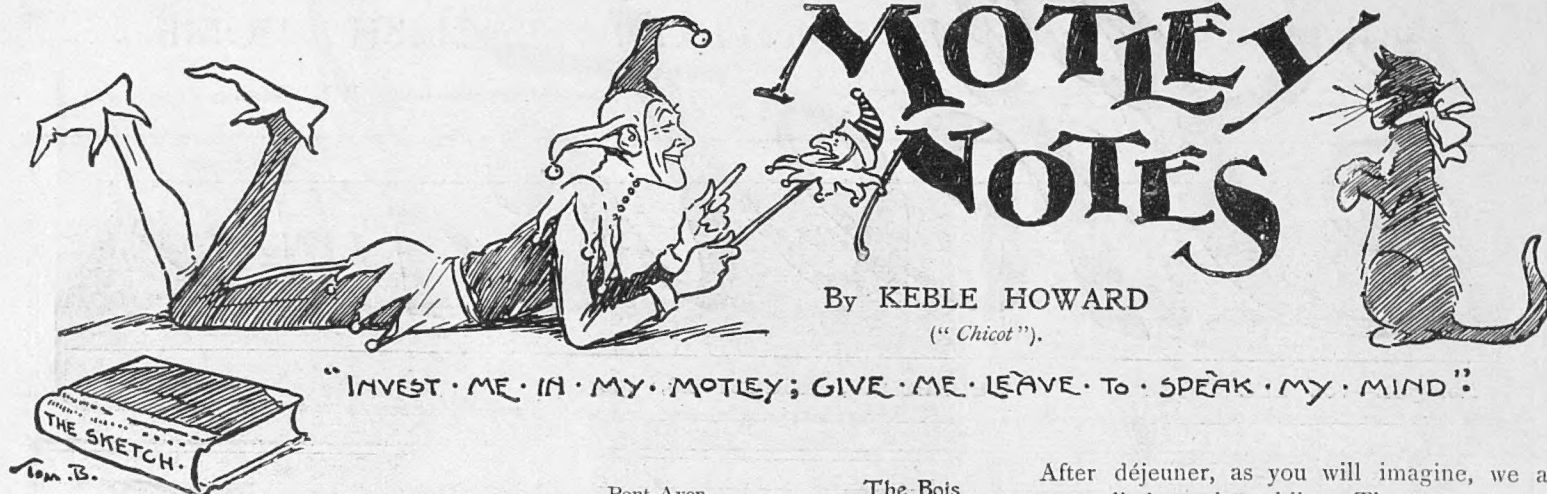
SIXPENCE.



"FIANDER'S WIDOW": MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS, WHO IS TO PLAY MRS. FIANDER,  
IN "FIANDER'S WIDOW," AT THE GARRICK.

Miss Miriam Clements, the beautiful actress who so recently played the model in "The Palace of Puck," at the Haymarket, is cast for Mrs. Fiander, in "Fiander's Widow," which is due for production at the Garrick to-night (the 28th). Also in the cast are Mrs. Charles Calvert, Mr. Sydney Valentine, Mr. H. Nye Charl, Mr. Victor Widdicombe, and Mr. Leonard Calvert. The action takes place in a Dorsetshire village.—(Photograph by Fellowes Wilson.)





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

#### Entre Nous.

Pont-Aven, mon ami le lecteur, est une charmante petite ville, assise sur l'Aven, au fond d'une vallée agreste, dont les pentes boisées s'appellent Bois d'Amour et recèlent des ruines de châteaux, des manoirs anciens, des rochers aux formes curieuses, des chapelles séculaires. . . . On l'appelait jadis "la Ville des Meuniers," et sa renommée a été mise en diction: "Pont-Aven, chantaient les meuniers, ville de renom, quatorze moulins, quinze maisons!" Ce dicton se justifie par les nombreuses vannes qui agitent le cours limpide de l'Aven qui coule vers la mer sur un lit de gros rochers, de mousse et de cailloux multicolores. . . . Le climat est, en ce lieu privilégié, où la beauté des femmes est proverbiale, ainsi que leurs atours, d'une douceur extrême, ce qui fait que, toute l'année, même en hiver, y résident des artistes et des étrangers. . . . Les Environs sont fournis en excursions intéressantes: de nombreuses routes bien entretenues les rendent accessibles en cycle ou en automobile. (With every acknowledgment to the eloquent compiler of the local guide-book.)

**Prince McDouglas.** I was led to this fascinating spot by my friend McDouglas, the eminent artist, whose charming water-colour sketches are known and loved wheresoever people of taste most do congregate. McDouglas comes here year after year, so that I was not in the least surprised when Madame Maréchal—the same Madame Maréchal whose café on the quay is one of the chief delights of little Pont-Aven—clasped the monstrous Scotchman to her motherly breast and kissed him soundly upon both cheeks. McDouglas, in short, has attained to a proud position in Pont-Aven Society. A watchful, "jealous" little circle, you must not hope to find full privileges extended to you on your first, nor even upon your second visit. When you have proved, in the course of time, that you are incapable of wounding the feelings of the susceptible natives, that you can walk, at precisely the right pace, through the Bois d'Amour, that you have an eye for colour and ear for sound, that you stand in awe of Mlle. Julia and love Madame Maréchal—when, I say, you have proved these things, if you ever do, then shall you receive the freedom of Pont-Aven, and even hear the little tales of the past season and the little promises of the present. For myself, I stand in awe of the good McDouglas. He is so evidently a prince in Pont-Aven.

**Mlle. Julia.** Even more surely, though, do I stand in awe of Mlle. Julia. She it is to whom one looks for food and lodging. She it is who summons us to our midday and evening meal by the loud clanging of a bell on the roof-top. When first I heard that bell, a queer, sinking sensation took possession of my being. For the moment, I assure you, I thought that I was at school again. For the matter of that, we are not unlike school-children. We sit in meek, expectant rows at the long tables, and keep our eyes fixed on Mlle. Julia as she stands at the head of the room and serves out the portion for each one. There are two essential differences, however: we are much better behaved than children, being far more frightened, and we get much more to eat. Soup, boiled potatoes with butter, lobster, stew, beans with butter, veal, mutton, beefsteak, pastry, cheese, fruit—all and each of these one is expected to consume twice a day. Personally, I have not yet come up to Mlle. Julia's expectations, but I note that many of my neighbours attack the beefsteak, with which we invariably finish the meal, as though the veal, and the soup, and the potatoes, and the lobster, and the stew, and the mutton, and the rest, were merely *hors d'œuvres*. This is their way of ingratiating themselves with Julia.

#### The Bois d'Amour.

After déjeuner, as you will imagine, we are compelled to sit awhile. There are trees in front of Julia's café, and beneath the trees little tables, and on the little tables, after déjeuner, cups of coffee—and so forth. The white square is steeped in afternoon sunshine. A murmur of peasant voices comes from a neighbouring buvette. A thin kitten, having licked its paw, changes its mind about washing, yawns, and goes to sleep again. A dusty motor-car crosses the bridge, pulls up in the centre of the "square," and disgorges its strange, begoggled occupants. We watch them stupidly, and they stare at us in wonderment, half inclined to think that they have stumbled across another Pompeii. But, if they wait long enough, they may see us emerge in twos and threes from the shelter of the trees and loaf towards the Bois d'Amour. The name suits the place and the place suits the name. I shall not attempt to say more, partly because I am taking a holiday, and partly because I have not the facility in word-painting that belongs to my friend, the writer of the local guide-book. This much, none the less, I will say: If the First Mill finds you sane, you will certainly succumb at the Second. All of which things must remain a mystery for ever until you find your way, in the flesh, to Pont-Aven.

#### The Bearded Minstrels.

We have music, of course. The Muse woos us in the shape of three bearded minstrels, who arrive on foot with empty pockets, and depart by boat with full stomachs and much treasure. The first is a dark, handsome fellow. The womenfolk say he looks gentle, but I believe he might be capable of awesome deeds. He plays, in the meantime, the mandolin. The second is fair, and collects the money. For all his forty years, his skin is as clear as a child's, and he has a timid, diffident way of proffering the plate that must be worth untold gold to the Mysterious Three. He plays the guitar. And the third is a red-haired fellow, keen of eye, with a rich baritone voice. He plays no instrument, but sits apart whilst his companions perform, and stares moodily upon the ground. The womenfolk will have it that he has been crossed in love, but I have a suspicion, which I am careful to keep to myself, that he has invested money in South African mines. . . . Last night, they played and sang to us as we dined, and afterwards gave a little concert in the square. Finally, the sleepy-heads having dispersed, I persuaded the Mysterious Three to make a little more music for a select audience. Anna's office was the scene. (Anna keeps the books, and is a personage. Anna laughs at love.)

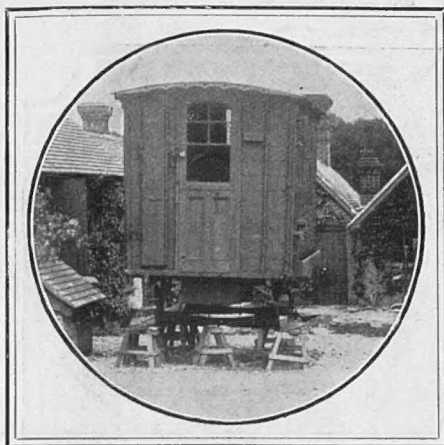
#### The Café Maréchal.

The Mysterious Three, you will understand, are not always with us. They know their own value, and behave accordingly. Once a week we receive them, and on other nights we go, after dinner, to the Café Maréchal. McDouglas leads the way, and Madame, when she sees his broad shoulders looming through the shadows, makes haste to brew the coffee and draw forth from its hiding-place the very special bottle of old cognac. Madame Maréchal, you will be interested to know, is the sister of Mlle. Julia, of whom one stands so much in awe. Nobody stands in awe of Madame Maréchal. Twice, in point of fact, I have had the honour of dancing with her in the roadway before the café. . . . Much might be written of the Sisters of Pont-Aven. I should dearly love to put them into a play; but then the part of Mlle. Julia would be played by none other than Mlle. Julia, and that of Madame Maréchal by none other than Madame Maréchal. Nobody else, excepting, maybe, the wonderful Yvette Guilbert, could suggest these personalities in the remotest degree. . . . I shall never forget Madame Maréchal, and the striped awning in front of her little café, and the red-lined basket-chairs, and the thick shrubs that screen us from the night winds, and the slice of the quay in the moonlight. . . .



# THE PURPLE LOTUS MOTHER'S ENGLISH HOME:

THE MECCA OF THE THEOSOPHISTS—THE OLD HOUSE, BERRYWOOD, RINGWOOD.



THE CARAVAN IN WHICH THE HON. AUBERON HERBERT, FORMER OWNER OF THE OLD HOUSE, WAS WONT TO LIVE ON OCCASION.



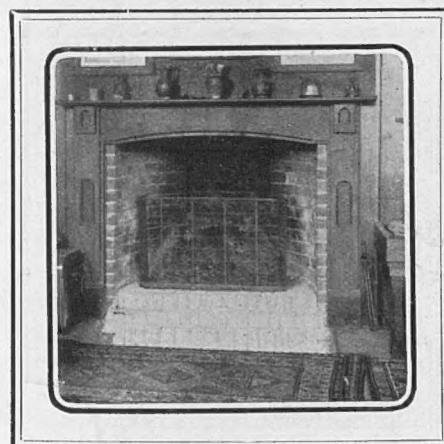
WITH LEAVES AND GRASS AS A PALL: THE GRAVE OF THE LATE AUBERON HERBERT IN THE WOODS AT RINGWOOD.



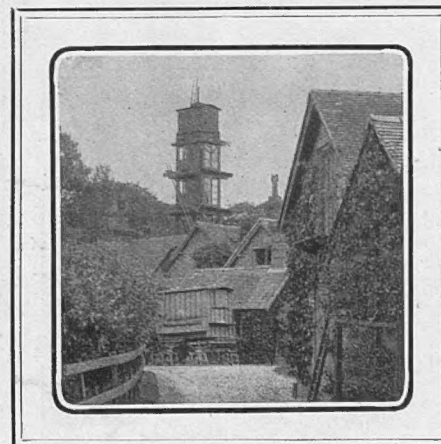
THE LITTLE WOODEN HUT IN WHICH AUBERON HERBERT LOVED TO READ AND TAKE HIS MEALS.



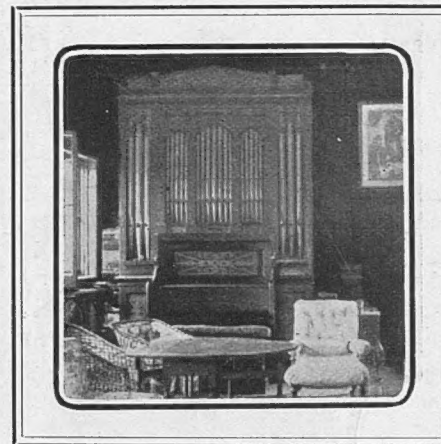
WHERE MRS. KATHERINE TINGLEY, THE PURPLE LOTUS MOTHER, IS TO FOUND A SCHOOL FOR YOUNG THEOSOPHISTS; THE OLD HOUSE, BERRYWOOD, RINGWOOD, GIVEN TO THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY BY THE HON. NAN HERBERT.



WHERE THE OLD CHARCOAL-BURNER ESTABLISHED A "SQUATTER'S RIGHT": THE FIRE-PLACE AT WHICH HE WORKED.



THE OLD HOUSE, SEEN FROM A FOREST PATH, SHOWING THE EXTRAORDINARY ARCHITECTURE.



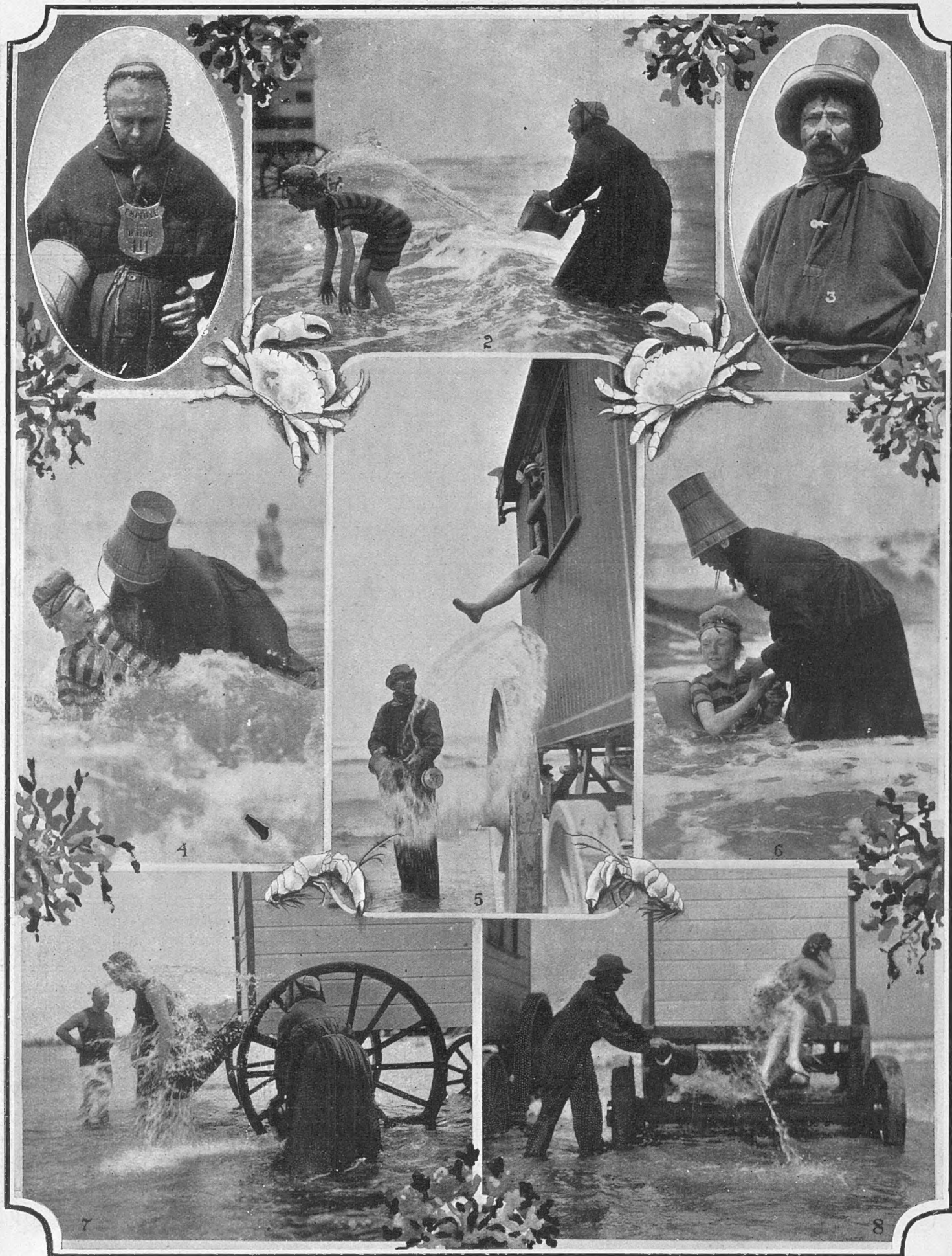
A CORNER OF THE LITTLE DRAWING-ROOM, WITH THE LATE AUBERON HERBERT'S FINE ORGAN.

The Old House, once the residence of the Hon. Auberon Herbert, has been given by his only surviving daughter, the Hon. Nan Herbert, to the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and there will be founded a school for the Theosophical teaching of children, like the one already in existence at Point Loma, California. The house is built on the site of a clearing made by an old charcoal-burner, who established "squatter's rights." On the burner's death Mr. Herbert bought the ground and built himself a bed-sitting room. To this he added from time to time, until the place reached its present curious condition. He would never have a fire in his house, despite the fire-place. Mrs. Katherine Tingley, the head of the Theosophists, who is now in England, is affectionately known as "the purple lotus mother," just as Madame Blavatsky was known as "the white lotus mother."—[Photographs by the Topical Press.]



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2. AN IMPROMPTU SHOWER-BATH.

3. A BATHING MAN IN "UNIFORM."

4. "PLEASE DON'T DUCK ME!"

5. THE BATHING MAN'S LAST DUTY.

6. A LESSON WITH THE WATER-WINGS.

7. A GOOD TUBBING.

8. INTRODUCED TO THE WATER BY FORCE.

Photographs by the International Press Agency.



"THE HYPOCRITES," AT THE HICKS:

ONE OF THE FIVE CREATORS OF CHARACTERS  
WHO ARE NOW

IN MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S DRAMA  
PLAYING IN LONDON.



It will be recalled that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new drama, "The Hypocrites," which it was arranged should be produced at the Hicks Theatre last night (Tuesday), was originally presented at the Hudson Theatre, New York, on August 20, of last year. Five members of the original company are appearing in the London production: Miss Doris Keane, Miss Viva Birkett, Mr. Leslie Faber, Mr. Arthur Lewis, and Mr. J. H. Barnes. Mr. Charles V. France plays the part created by Mr. John Glendinning, and Miss Marion Terry the part created by Miss Jessie Milward.

*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*



**GARRICK.**—Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, Lessee and Manager.  
To-night, at 9, FIANDER'S WIDOW. At 8.20, A PAIR OF KNICKERBOCKERS.  
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Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be  
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three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,  
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and  
jokes at a fixed rate.

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Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—  
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to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

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the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their  
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,  
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs  
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be  
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the  
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of  
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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A "TALON-TED" AUTHOR: RUDYARD KIPLING EASTERNISED.

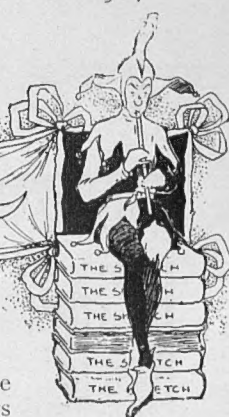
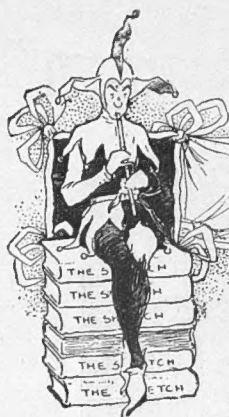


RUDYARD KIPLING, "THE LONG FINGER-NAILED": THE POSSIBLE WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE AS A CHINESE ARTIST SEES HIM—A PORTRAIT PAINTED ON SILK.

The artist is Jeem-Koo-ee, of Swatow, China, and it will be noticed that, not content with portraying the famous novelist and poet in Eastern garb, he has also given him the long finger-nails proper to the Oriental aristocrat. The likeness, as we have noted, is painted on silk. It is thought probable that Rudyard Kipling will be the recipient of this year's Nobel for Literature.

*Reproduced by courtesy of the owner, R. F. Pick, Esq., of New York City. Photograph by Van der Weyde.*





# THE CLUBMAN

AT THE NEWEST CAFÉ OF CARLSBAD—OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE AT CARLSBAD—THE LITTLE WAITRESSES.

I AM writing at a red-clothed little table under the horse-chestnut trees in the enclosure of the newest café of Carlsbad. The café is on a spur of the hills, and is right above the town. I think that with an effort I could throw a biscuit—a ship's biscuit—from the fence of the little grove on to the cathedral below. The ground is, I am told, the property of Lord Westbury, and no doubt he has an interest in the café, which is a mighty pleasant place, a great villa, which has been built higher up the spur, and the funicular railway which carries people from the centre of the town to the gates of the café. This railway is Carlsbad's newest plaything, and 200,000 people have been up the hill and down again on it since it was built in May.

Without stirring from my seat, I can see the great valley into which our Carlsbad river runs to join a bigger stream; and the steps

and shopkeepers, spends his day here in the open air. Many people leave their lodgings when they go at six o'clock to drink the waters, and do not see them again till they return, desperately sleepy, just before ten at night. Around me all the people are doing just what their occupation would be in their houses. A couple of grey-haired English ladies are reading novels; a little boy and his governess are poring over two copy-books, without any enthusiasm, it is true; most of the Germans of the softer sex are sewing or knitting; two parties of English are playing bridge; and a little Frenchwoman is addressing quite a pile of picture-postcards. Children are running about from table to table; two little girls with pigtails of hair are carrying big tin canisters, which contain oblaten, the round thin wafers which are a speciality of Carlsbad, and are offering them for sale; one of the managers is holding what look like a multitude of



MRS. CAHEN, OF BERLIN, SECOND.



MRS. BURCKARDT, OF NEW YORK, THE WINNER.

## THE FIRST AND SECOND PRIZE BEAUTIES OF FRANZENSBAD.

Franzensbad, in Bohemia, famous for its mineral baths, has just held a "fashionable beauty-competition," which was organised by the town-council. The competition was open only to private visitors, and members of the profession and professional beauties were barred.

by which our pine-covered hills gradually disappear into the great swell of the Champagne, are clearly marked. On the other side, the sharp dip of the hillsides, all clothed with beautiful forest, shows where the brown trout-stream comes rippling over its stones and is sleeping in its pools. It is beside this stream that the gardens and little parks and cafés and groves which are the pride of Carlsbad mostly lie. Behind me is the hillside, with a cart-road climbing to reach a gap and then disappearing towards Pilsen. From this cart-road a score of paths disappear into the forest, each leading to some tower or look-out place or café which makes a pleasant turning-place in a walk. Invisible, but sending up a light mist of smoke, Carlsbad is in front of me and below.

That I have brought paper and ink and pen up to the café and am scribbling away while my cup of milkless tea—a prescription of the doctor's which he thought would be a hardship to me, not knowing that I had graduated in tea-drinking in Japan and China and Russia—is cooling, is nothing out of the usual. Everybody in Carlsbad, except the bath attendants

dingy flags, but which are newspapers fitted into cane holders and handles, and he, with unerring perception of nationality, puts down on each table the paper which is likely to be appreciated there; the bandmen are beginning to assemble in the circular bandstand, where they will play for a couple of hours, and the little waitresses, who have in the early part of the afternoon had plenty of time to gather in groups and laugh and chaff with each other, are beginning to bustle about.

These little waitresses, all in black, bareheaded, white aproned, and with a big white metal number pinned to their dresses, are one of the pleasantest features of the cafés of the Bohemian watering-places. Anything more unlike the languid, pert young woman of too many London tea-shops it is impossible to imagine. These little Austrian girls are all merry and smiling and willing, they never seem to tire, and they are on the pleasantest terms with their customers. Each one has her own *clientèle*, and once she has captured a newcomer she looks upon his or her desertion as a reflection on her willingness and cheerfulness and power to be agreeable.



## OUR WONDERFUL RAILWAY OF ONES:

ONE ENGINE; ONE CARRIAGE; ONE SIGNAL-BOX; ONE RETURN-JOURNEY DAILY.

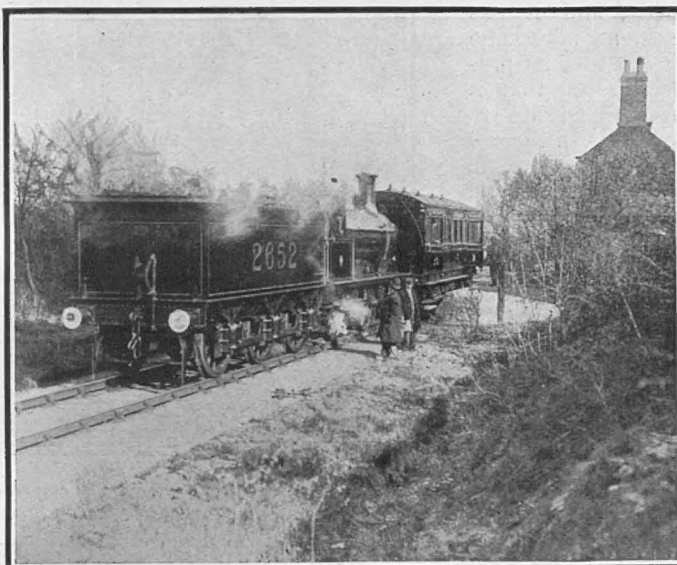


THE ONE ENGINE AND THE ONE CARRIAGE ON THE HAMPTON-IN-ARDEN TO WHITACRE BRANCH OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY AT WHITACRE.

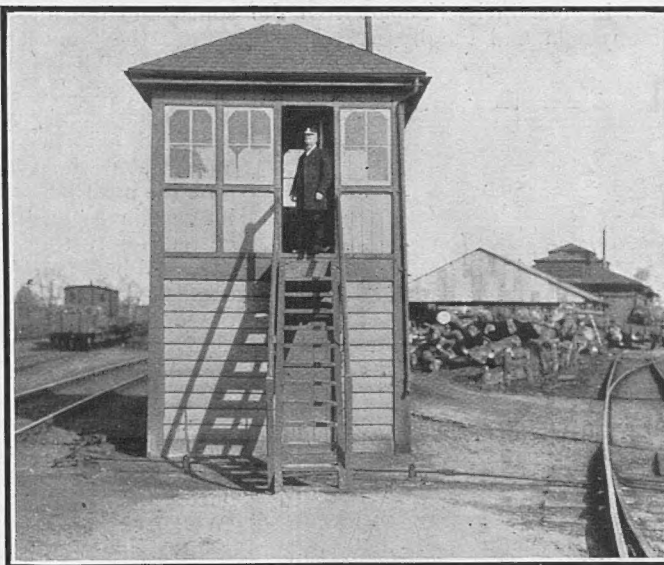
HAMPTON BRANCH. Midland.			
Week Days.			
Miles		min	
Whitacre Junc. dep.	8 25		
Coleshill .....	8 32		
Hampton '03' .....	8 40		
Week Days.			
Miles		min	
Hampton '03' .....	9 30		
Coleshill .....	9 40		
Whitacre Junc. 546, '9 45			



THE ONE STOP, COLESHILL, BETWEEN HAMPTON-IN-ARDEN AND WHITACRE.



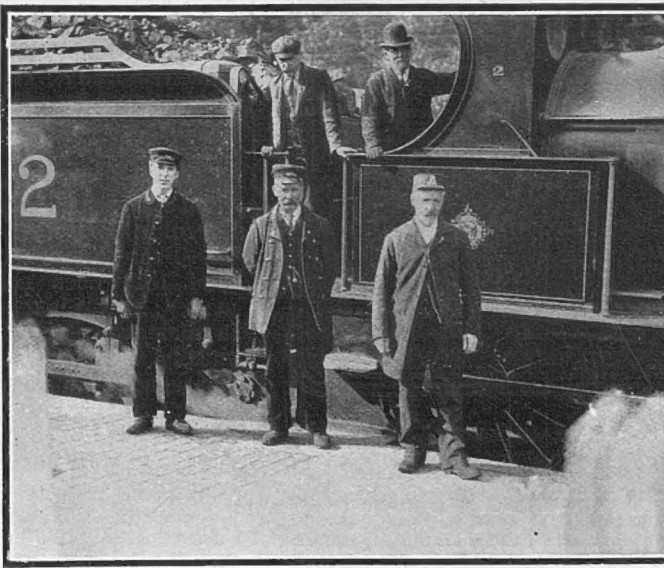
THE ONE ENGINE AND THE ONE CARRIAGE READY TO START FOR THEIR ONE RETURN-JOURNEY DURING THE DAY.



THE ONE SIGNAL-BOX, SHOWING THE ONE STATION-MASTER-SIGNALMAN ON DUTY.



THE ONE STATION-MASTER AND THE ONE DRIVER: HANDING OVER THE SPECIAL STAFF WITHOUT WHICH THE TRAIN MAY NOT PROCEED.



THE STAFF OF "ONES": THE ONLY STATION-MASTER, GUARD, DRIVER, FIREMAN, AND PORTER ON THE LINE.

The Hampton-in-Arden to Whitacre Branch of the Midland Railway is locally known as "The Line of Ones." It possesses only one engine, one carriage, and one set of metals. There is only one train a day, and but a single intermediate station, Coleshill. Each grade of the staff has one member, though the stationmaster plays a double part on occasion, that of station-master and signalman. The time-table of the line (reproduced above) in Bradshaw fills rather less than the space that would be taken by a penny stamp. The train may not proceed until the station-master has given the driver the staff shown. This is of steel, and is about 18 inches long.

Photographs by Topical Press.



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By J. W.

### "THE THREE KISSES."

THE new "musical production" at the Apollô Theatre ("musical production" is the modest non-committal description to be found on the programme) has more plot than usual. Very modern musical productions frequently have; and it is the proper thing to mention the fact as creditable to the authors who inserted the plot and the producers who allowed some of it to remain. I therefore mention it; though with some hesitation, for I am not at all sure that it must necessarily be taken as a compliment. To have a plot and keep it fairly steadily in mind is generally supposed to be a concession to the demand for the elevation of the drama. If a second act is no longer seen wandering without some visible means of connection with the first, we who are determined drama-elevators, pat the author on the back—not remembering that, at the other end of the dramatic scale, the school of "G. B. S." is struggling to perfect the art of doing without a plot altogether.

Now this idea that a plot is valuable for its own sake may lead to undesirable results, unless carefully watched. Sometimes, of course, the story of a "musical production" may be wittily conceived and wittily written, as in the case of "Amasis." Other times it may have interest in itself, apart from the songs and the music and the funny men and the dresses. In both cases the "musical

production" becomes "comic opera." But who ever met anybody who knew of any person who ever took the most languid interest in a musical comedy story told in the usual bald musical comedy way? Or, in the case immediately under consideration, namely, "The Three Kisses," when, in a picturesque marketplace, the picturesque Marietta is kissed once too often by the picturesque Andrea, and Vesuvius grows red and growls, and the curse swoops down, is anybody moved by any anxiety as to whether the talisman will be discovered and that curse removed? The answer is in the negative.

No, the story devised by Messrs. Percy Greenbank and Leedham Bantock is of the kind that does not matter; and it is told in dialogue which is equally unimportant. Consequently, the less we are troubled with it, the better. There is no real harm in connecting it in some vague way with the antics of Mr. Walter Passmore and Mr. Albert le Fre, and the delicious insouciance of Miss Ethel Irving;

very short distance in the second act before Miss Irving casually alludes to the case of a little girl who came to Naples; which allusion is, by a remarkable piece of good fortune, most apposite to the song she then proceeds to sing. After which we have a duet illustrative of the Zancigs and a motor-cab in the best old Gaiety style, and the story passes, unwept and unhonoured, from our thoughts till it is time to go home to bed. Then, after a scene of wild and irresponsible merriment, it returns with a violent jerk, to die a painfully sudden and most unnatural death.

For the reasons I have mentioned, "The Three Kisses," though far removed from a comic opera is quite a good musical comedy, and it has one great advantage over most of its predecessors in that it started with its humours in good working order. Since Mr. Passmore left the Savoy I have not seen him in such good form, and so much at home on a first night. That his methods have been broadened since the days of his Bunthorne and Jack Point by a long course of musical comedy and Drury Lane pantomime is a melancholy fact which cannot be overlooked; but he can still hold his own as a master of spontaneous, hearty, and irresponsible fooling, and his opportunities as Signor Garibaldi Pimpinello are more abundant than usual. It is also with a twinge of regret that one sees Miss Irving employing her really remarkable gifts upon the part of a conventional countess, and even then being allowed only one little song of no great merit in the course of the whole evening. But she sings that song like a true artist, and if it were for her presence alone "The Three Kisses" would be worth a visit.

The other humorist-in-chief is Mr. Albert le Fre, who has an original personality, and is genuinely funny as an obsequious guide; and Mr. Willie Warde, in a small part, produces at times some fine comic effects. In fact, the comic side of the whole production is quite remarkably strong, and it is that and not plot which is the thing that matters. Of the others the most prominent are Mr. Walter Hyde, who has a pleasant and fairly powerful voice, Miss Kitty Gordon, who plays with dramatic force as the evil spirit of the piece, and Miss Caroline Hatchard, who as an actress has yet something to learn, but possesses a sweet and supple soprano voice of considerable power but somewhat imperfect articulation. Her chief song in the first act she sang quite beautifully, but the rapid recitative passages caused more difficulty. In addition, there were a young married couple who managed to get somehow mixed up with the plot, and were cleverly played by those two popular favourites, Mr. Lionel Mackinder and Miss Coralie Blythe.



FIFTEEN SINGLE LADIES ROLLED INTO ONE: SIGNORINA FATIMA MIRIS, WHO PLAYS ALL THE PRINCIPAL PARTS IN "THE GEISHA."

Signorina Fatima Miris is causing considerable sensation in Italy, where she is giving a remarkable exhibition of quick change of costume, voice, and manner. She recently produced the "Geisha" single-handed, playing the fifteen principal parts herself, a feat that necessitated 175-changes of costume. Her performance lasted three hours, and she was never off the stage for more than ten seconds. She can sing soprano, alto, tenor, and baritone. She is to appear in this country, at the London Hippodrome, shortly.



THE SKIRT-DANCER-AUTHOR OF "A LITTLE JAPANESE GIRL": MISS LOIE FULLER IN JAPANESE DRESS.

Miss Fuller, known all the world over as the pioneer of the modern form of skirt-dancing, has turned dramatic author, and her first play, the one-act "A Little Japanese Girl," was produced at the Duke of York's on Monday last, as a curtain-raiser to "Brewster's Millions."

Photograph by Gerschel.

but, on the other hand, there is no particular credit in keeping it in mind. Hence, as I have already said, it is not necessarily a compliment to begin by remarking that the story is more prominent than usual. And to do the authors justice, they have gone but a



BURNT AT THE STAKE—FOR A PHOTOGRAPHER'S BENEFIT.



THE MARTYR: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH.

The photograph does not pretend, of course, to represent an actual burning at the stake, but we publish it as a remarkable instance of the effects an ingenious photographer can obtain.

*Photograph by "Vigrieg."*



## SMALL TALK



WIFE OF AN ARISTOCRATIC SUPPLIANT  
FOR PARLIAMENTARY HONOURS:  
LADY EVELYN GUINNESS.  
*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

Suffolk. Both candidates have, it is said, a good hope of success, but the most exciting contest will undoubtedly be at Bury St. Edmunds, the seat so triumphantly won by the new Lord Bristol at the last General Election. Lady Evelyn Guinness has an extraordinarily winning manner; she is a favourite young friend of Queen Alexandra, who last year honoured her by going to see her at Hardwick House, a beautiful old place near Bury.

*Coy Peer Benedicts.* Captain Yarde-Buller, in postponing the announcement of his marriage some five months, only followed the example of many greater than he, for the fortunate husband of Miss Denise Orme is, after all, only an "elder son." At one time there was quite an epidemic of secret weddings among the Victorian Peers: the late Lord Stanley of Alderley was married many years to the brilliant Spanish lady who survived him only for so short a time, before he made known the fact to even his most intimate friends. That wonderful veteran, Lord Wemyss, who still has the heart of a boy and the mental vigour of a man of forty, concealed for some time his marriage to Miss Grace Blackburn, the ceremony having taken place when the gallant groom was eighty-two. Then there was the marriage of Lord Ashburnham, not so much amazing in itself as so amazingly well concealed.

EVEN the most determined opponent of Woman's Suffrage must admit that the ladies do yeoman service at every contested election, and both Lord Emlin and Mr. Walter Guinness, the latest aristocratic suppliants for Parliamentary honours, are to be congratulated at this special juncture on their brilliant and plucky wives. The Earl of Cawdor's eldest son and heir unsuccessfully contested Pembrokeshire the year that he had the good fortune to woo and wed Miss Joan Thynne. But Mr. Walter Guinness, and his wife, Lady Evelyn, who is the youngest daughter of Lord Buchan, together contested, last year, the Stowmarket Division of

## Master and Man.

The Earl of Stamford proved himself a first-rate man when he risked his life the other day out of kindness to his swans. He has been a first-rate master, too, a schoolmaster, a thing which few Peers can say. Before there seemed any certainty that he would inherit the title and estates he was a master at Mill Hill School, and afterwards proceeded to Codrington College, Barbados, where he occupied the chair of classics and philosophy. The late Earl, a rolling stone, was his uncle. He married as his third wife the daughter of an African native. For ten years she reigned as the Countess of Stamford. At her husband's death she relinquished



THE EARL WHO FELL INTO HIS  
OWN LAKE WHILE FEEDING SWANS.  
LORD STAMFORD.  
*Photograph by Fradette and Young.*

the title and married a worthy Boer farmer named Pieter Piere. They still flourish at Wynberg, Cape Colony. Lord Stamford became the ninth Earl seventeen years ago, but two years elapsed before his claim was finally admitted.

*An Important New Engagement.* By far the most important of this summer's new betrothals is that of Lord Errington, Lord Cromer's eldest son, to Lady Ruby Elliot. It is curious that the heir of Egypt's uncrowned King should wed the daughter of the peer who has been Viceroy of Canada and is now Viceroy of India. Lord Cromer paid his first wife a charming compliment when he took as his second title her maiden name, now extinct, though once among the most noted in the old Catholic world. The future Lady Errington inherits her mother's, Lady Minto's, beauty and love of outdoor life; she has seen more of Greater Britain than any girl of her age now in Society, and, like her elder sister, Lady Eileen, she is an exceptionally fine skater. The three Ladies Elliot were painted together last year by Mr. Edward Hughes, and the picture created quite a sensation when that veteran artist held an exhibition of his works at Graves' Gallery. Anglo-Indian Society naturally hopes that the wedding will be celebrated in India; but it is, of course, more probable that Lord Errington and Lady Ruby will become man and wife in London.



THE RIVER GIRL IN CHINA: MANCHU LADIES BOATING  
ON THE CANAL OUTSIDE PEKIN.

The Manchurian ladies shown are wearing summer dress, and the peculiar head-dress should be noticed. The canal outside Peking is a favourite resort on summer evenings, and many ladies go there to escape the heat and dust of the city, and enjoy the cool breeze as the boats are towed along.

*Photograph by Barnett.*



A WOODEN CASTLE: THE HOME OF A RETIRED SHOWMAN  
NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

This wooden castle is the permanent home of a retired showman, who had it built according to his own designs. In the garden, presumably to recall old times rather than for ornamental purposes, he keeps a number of worn-out caravans.

*Photograph by Bowman.*



WHEN SWANSEA BECOMES ABERTAWE: THE ARCH-DRUID OPENING  
THE EISTEDDFOD.

During the Eisteddfod Swansea becomes to many "Abertawe," the name by which it was once known. The second day of this year's proceedings was marked by the collapse of a part of the pavilion, which caused a considerable panic.

*Photograph by Bolak.*



THE INFECTIOUS MONOCLE HABIT!



PRINCE PHILIPPE DE CARAMAN-CHIMAY'S PORTERS WEARING A WHITE RING OF PAINT  
ROUND ONE EYE, IN IMITATION OF THEIR MASTER'S EYEGGLASS.

The black porters engaged to accompany Prince Philippe de Caraman-Chimay during his recent journey through Africa, were so fascinated by their employer's monocle that they felt bound to imitate it. Eyeglasses of the regulation form were not, of course, obtainable; therefore, the ingenious blacks painted a white ring round one eye.

Our photograph shows a group of the porters.





A PAPAL-DUCAL WEDDING: MAJOR McMICKING, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS GERTRUDE DE STACPOOLE.

*Photograph by Walter Barnett.*

love for those pieces of masculine jewellery for which so many Continental potentates have a very obvious fondness. His Majesty's scarf-pins, shirt-studs, and sleeve-links are of the most unobtrusive pattern, and in this matter the Prince of Wales follows the paternal example.

A Papal-Ducal Wedding. A September wedding which is arousing a great deal of interest in Irish Catholic society, where there are quite a number of holders of Papal titles, is that of Miss Gertrude de Stacpoole, the only daughter of the Duke de Stacpoole, and Major McMicking, D.S.O. The bride's father is as well known in Paris as in Ireland—in fact, he has a French Countship, conferred on an ancestor who settled in France by invitation of Louis XVIII. He and his hospitable Duchess entertain largely, both on their Irish estates and in their delightful London house, and their only daughter is very popular. Major McMicking is a brother of Lady Primrose, and therefore uncle to young Lord Denman; he greatly distinguished himself in the South African War, and is one of the most popular officers in the Royal Scots.

*Lady "Bimbashi."* In his new great undertaking Sir Percy Girouard has the sympathetic support of one of the most charming of women, the only daughter of Sir Richard Solomon, who crowned his happiness when, just four years ago, she became his wife. They call Sir Percy "Bimbashi," in remembrance of his wonderful military engineering in the Soudan, and so she is Lady Bimbashi. South Africa is to her as an open book, for she comes of a long line of Cape notabilities. She has, however, the spirit and sympathies of the Old Country, for though her distinguished father is Cape born, he is English bred. He was Twenty-third Wrangler at Cambridge, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple eight-and-twenty years ago. When Sir Percy's work in connection with the South African railways in the war was



MANY people are wondering to what use our tactful Sovereign will put the wonderful diamond which is about to be presented to him by the Transvaal. Even the Shah of Persia might well feel puzzled when dealing with a gem of such magnitude. It is, of course, more than probable that the Cullinan diamond will ultimately form part of the nation's heirlooms—in other words, of the Crown jewels. Edward VII., unlike most of his brother Sovereigns, has no

done, august critics said to him that they must have now a financier and administrator for the work. With Lady Girouard's inherited business talent Sir Percy may now find himself sufficiently reinforced to claim even these distinctions.

*Donor of the Theosophists' Mecca.*

Those who do not love Theosophy are sorry,

but not surprised, that the Hon. Nan Ino Herbert, only sister of Lord Lucas of Dingwall, should have allied herself with the movement and its American high priestess, and given the "Old House" to the Universal Brotherhood. She is the most



A PAPAL-DUCAL WEDDING: MISS GERTRUDE DE STACPOOLE, WHO IS TO MARRY MAJOR McMICKING.

*Photograph by Walter Barnett.*

independent, fearless creature in the world. Seven-and-twenty, she has been accustomed to rough it as her father, the unconventional Auberon Herbert, roughed it before she was born. Father and daughter were devoted comrades. Although she lived with him at his place near Bournemouth, she had her bedroom in a one-storied building a hundred yards away from the mansion, right in the heart of the woods, where, like Professor Long's daughter, she slept with only a loaded revolver for company. The traveller's blood



LADY "BIMBASHI": LADY GIROUARD, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS MILITARY RAILWAY ENGINEER.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Manchester.*

DONOR OF THE THEOSOPHISTS' MECCA IN THE NEW FOREST: THE HON. NAN HERBERT.

*Photograph by Illustrations Eureau.*

manifested itself in her towards the close of her father's life, and she was in Cuba when he died. But he made her sole executrix, and left her the bulk of his property.

*The Mayoress of Belfast.*

Lady Shaftesbury, whose husband is so strenuous an

opponent of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, has a traditional connection with Ireland, for her stepfather, Mr. George Wyndham, is descended from that most romantic of Irish heroes, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and his hapless wife, Pamela. The young peeress is such a woman as her husband's famous grandfather, the great philanthropist, would have loved to see mistress of his beloved country home. She inherits her mother's, Lady Grosvenor's, wide religious, intellectual, and literary interests, and both she and her only sister, Lady Beauchamp, are keenly alive to the grand old motto of "Noblesse oblige." Lady Shaftesbury is Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales, and she is also intimate with the two daughters of the Duke of Connaught. Her eldest child, Lord Ashley, who bears the family name of Anthony, will be seven this October, and his little sister, Lady Mary Sibell, is two years younger. This year Lord and Lady Shaftesbury are spending a great deal of time at their Irish home, Belfast Castle, and here they have been entertaining in honour of Lord Shaftesbury's Mayoralty.



WIFE OF AN OPPONENT OF THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER BILL: LADY SHAFTESBURY WITH HER ELDER CHILDREN.

*Photograph by Lottie Charles*



## THE INTERPRETER WHO CANNOT INTERPRET:

"FRENCH AS HE IS SPOKE," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.



1. PETER, THE AMATEUR INTERPRETER (MR. CYRIL MAUDE), HAS EMPTY POCKETS, BUT A BEAMING FACE.
2. PETER SHOWS THE "INTERPRETER'S" CAP, WHICH HE WEARS BACKWARDS WHEN A FRENCHMAN IS NEAR.
3. PETER FINDS CONSIDERABLE DIFFICULTY IN UNDERSTANDING FRENCH THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.
4. PETER HAS A CONFIDENTIAL TALK WITH ROSINE (MISS MADGE TITHERADGE).

Peter becomes interpreter at the Avanta Hotel, London, but does not know a word of French. Hence his many difficulties, and the fact that he finds it convenient to wear his cap back forwards when a Frenchman is near. Needless to say, Peter's lack of knowledge causes many complications—and much laughter.

*Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.*





By ERNEST A. ERYANT.

### Father and Son.

Lord Rosebery quitted Oxford without taking his degree rather than give up his racing stud. Lord Dalmeny, his heir, relinquishes the captaincy of the Surrey Cricket Club in order to have more time to devote to his Parliamentary duties. Lord Rosebery made up his mind as a youth to win the Derby and to be Prime Minister. He has won the Derby twice, and it is a marvel that he has not been Premier as often. Had Surrey won the Championship, Lord Dalmeny would have had the more pleasant recollections to carry into his comparative retirement. And one can fancy his father writing him a note of congratulation, as Dumas the elder wrote his son when the latter published "La Dame aux Camélias." As though his son were a stranger, the veteran addressed him with formal courtesy, congratulating him on his achievement, and adding that he (Dumas père) ought to know something about the difficulties of novel-writing, as he himself had been guilty of several. Dumas fils answered in the same strain, acknowledging the congratulations, of which, he said, he felt specially proud, as "coming from one of whom he had often heard his father speak in terms of highest praise."

The Flight of Mr. Ed-  
of Inches. ward  
Marston,  
who is four-score  
and two years of  
age, is cheerily tell-  
ing the world how  
to go and be like-  
wise. Every living  
man, woman, and  
child is doing his  
or her best along  
the same line, and  
some few may hope  
upon a day to reach  
the milestone whence  
the veteran publisher  
issues his exordium,  
and sign a testi-  
monial with regard  
to a complexion soap,  
a something in oats—  
or alcohol. So far  
so good for the  
credit side; there is  
the debit account.  
When he had yet a  
few years to live,  
Herbert Spencer  
cheerfully announced  
that his sense of  
sight and smell had  
left him; that he  
had begun to die!  
Our faculties accom-  
pany the flight of  
ages, and we sacrifice

stature with each successive year. Mr. Marston dwells with pleasure upon the years of a gentleman whom he proposes to emulate—the estimable Methuselah. But even he had his troubles with this lessening of height. For according to Russell Lowell, when his friends went to congratulate him upon his thousandth birthday, he assured them that he felt pretty well, but complained, "Those darned shoe-strings will keep flapping in my face."



REMARKABLE FOOTWEAR: TOED-SOCKS AND STRANGE SHOES.

No. 1 shows a five-toed stocking; No. 2, a toe-post shoe, which is designed to make the English foot as perfect as that of the Japanese; No. 3, a tree for the toe-post shoe; No. 4, an army boot with a flexible waist, designed for Napoleon III.; No. 5, a single-toed stocking, made for the Japanese market; No. 6, a Levant gipsy shoe.

Photograph by Bolak.

Stage Realism. One of the American magazines just arrived tells the story of some latter-day scenic triumphs of the American theatres. Incidentally, it reproduces the yacht-scene from "Brewster's Millions," and ascribes the whole success of the play to that undoubtedly fine setting. That, however, is an injustice to the acting of Mr. Gerald du Maurier. Before we yield the palm to America for stage triumphs, we must remember that the new epoch in scenic art began in England, with Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Beerbohm Tree on the managerial side and Sir Hubert von Herkomer, Sir

Laurence Alma-Tadema, Mr. Seymour Lucas, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones on the artistic side. Moreover, New York takes its finest scenery from Drury Lane and Covent Garden. But years ago London insisted on careful setting, and Catholics may be surprised to learn that no less a person than Cardinal Wiseman was responsible for Kean's costume as Wolsey in "Henry VIII." Doubtful as to certain details the actor sought the aid of the famous Prelate, who immediately summoned his servant and secretary had himself vested in his robes, and gave his guest a little lecture on the name and history of each as it was put on. In return for his assistance Kean offered to drape a private box at the theatre for the Cardinal in such a manner that he could be present without being visible to the audience.



A SHEET THAT CANNOT BE TURNED WITHOUT DETECTION, AND A DRAUGHT-PROOF PILLOW-FLAP: THE HAND AND SHUTTLE SHEETS AND PILLOW-SLIP IN USE.

The question may be asked, "When is a sheet not a sheet?" and the answer is, "When it is turned." For although a sheet may only have been in use for one night, if it be turned the following day it may be no cleaner the next night than the bed-tick which is under it, that is to say, no cleaner, from a hygienic point of view, than if it had been washed as many years ago as the bed-tick was made, and had been in use every night since. The sheet shown makes it possible for the traveller to be certain that it is the right way up. The tuck in the top sheet (seen about a hand's-breadth from the end of the sheet) indicates that the sheet is the right end up, and the right side up. The tuck which is seen on the bottom sheet, a little below the pillow, indicates that that sheet is the right end up, and the right side up. The pillow-flap is intended to encourage sleeping with the window open by affording protection from draught, and is drawn over the upper part of the face.

Photograph by Bolak.



HOLIDAY BOUNDERS.—No. IV.



THE CRITICS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



**H**AMLET is not the only person who has been led to a deed of desperation by a rat. Some time ago, when Miss Pollie Emery, who is acting at The Playhouse, was a passenger on board the *Orient*, she was asked to give a performance in aid of the Seaman's Orphanage. She consented, and suggested doing the well-known farce "Good-for-Nothing," if some of the other passengers could be induced to fill the cast. The performance was under the patronage of the Earl and Countess Kintore, Captain Anstruther Thompson, and the Hon. Harry Trefusis—all passengers—the last of whom played one of the parts. The excitement and bustle of building the stage, conducting the rehearsals, and transforming the saloon into an auditorium, were very great, and everyone looked forward with interest to the evening of the performance.

The play had begun, and Miss Emery, as Nan, was nervously waiting for her cue, when suddenly she was startled by a child's piercing scream from one of the adjoining cabins. She rushed towards it, thinking from the cries that something terrible had happened, when to her horror an enormous rat ran down the passage. In her turn, she screamed with terror, and, making a frantic rush, tore wildly across the temporary stage, nearly bringing it down, long before her real entrance should have taken place. The amazement at the sudden and unexpected appearance of Nan astonished the actors. Acting was, however, something about which Miss Emery was not thinking. Her only thought was to escape from the rat, and on she went, blundering right among the audience, among whom, too, the rat was running, and probably more frightened than the company. Everybody, however, shouted and screamed with fright, the women jumping on the backs of chairs and imploring the men to save them. At the psychological moment the ship's faithful tom-cat made a dramatic entrance, and with one swift, sudden spring caught the rat and carried it away in triumph, as the stalwart hero of a melodrama carries the fragile heroine, and to no less enthusiastic applause.

in the days that were earlier, a member of a company which found itself stranded in a small town in the north of Ireland with three weeks' salary unpaid. On the Sunday morning, Mr. Lewis and the four other male members of the company waited on the manager at his hotel (!), and were curtly advised to get the scenery and pay themselves. This was the last straw, as the fit-up, as well as the personal stage properties of the company, had been seized by the local manager as some compensation for the rent that was owing.

As the company could not afford to consult a lawyer—and if they had waited to do so they would probably have been left in the lurch through the disappearance of the manager—they resolved to take immediate steps. One of them mounting guard outside the manager's room, the other four entered it, and with tender rapidity "went through him." That evening five merry men and three smiling women left the station on their way to Dublin, leaving one misguided manager howling curses—his only assets—at them from the platform.

Mr. Cecil Brooking, who is acting at the Hicks' Theatre in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "The Hypocrites," is another of the Oxford contingent to prefer a career on the stage to one in any other profession. He was at Balliol and, with what he calls "the gross impertinence of youth," when he "went down" he wrote to the late Dr. Jowett, the famous master: "Instead of taking a degree I am going to take a hotel." This he did, in France, but he believes now that a degree would have been more profitable in the long run. His experience enabled him to bring a technical knowledge to his impersonation of the French waiter in "The Liars," on tour. In the provinces, too, he played Professor Tofield in "Joseph Entangled," so that Dr. Blaney is the third Henry Arthur Jones part entrusted to him.

One night, in Cork, Mr. Brooking was playing Mr. Bouchier's part in "The Bishop's Move." The audience took exception to



AS MITZI SHOULD APPEAR IN "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG": A WAITRESS IN A GERMAN BEER-GARDEN.



A ROOF BEER-GARDEN IN POTSDAM.



GERMAN STUDENTS IN A BEER-SALOON.

LESS PICTURESQUE THAN IN "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG": REAL GERMAN BEER-GARDENS.

Photographs by the Topical Press.

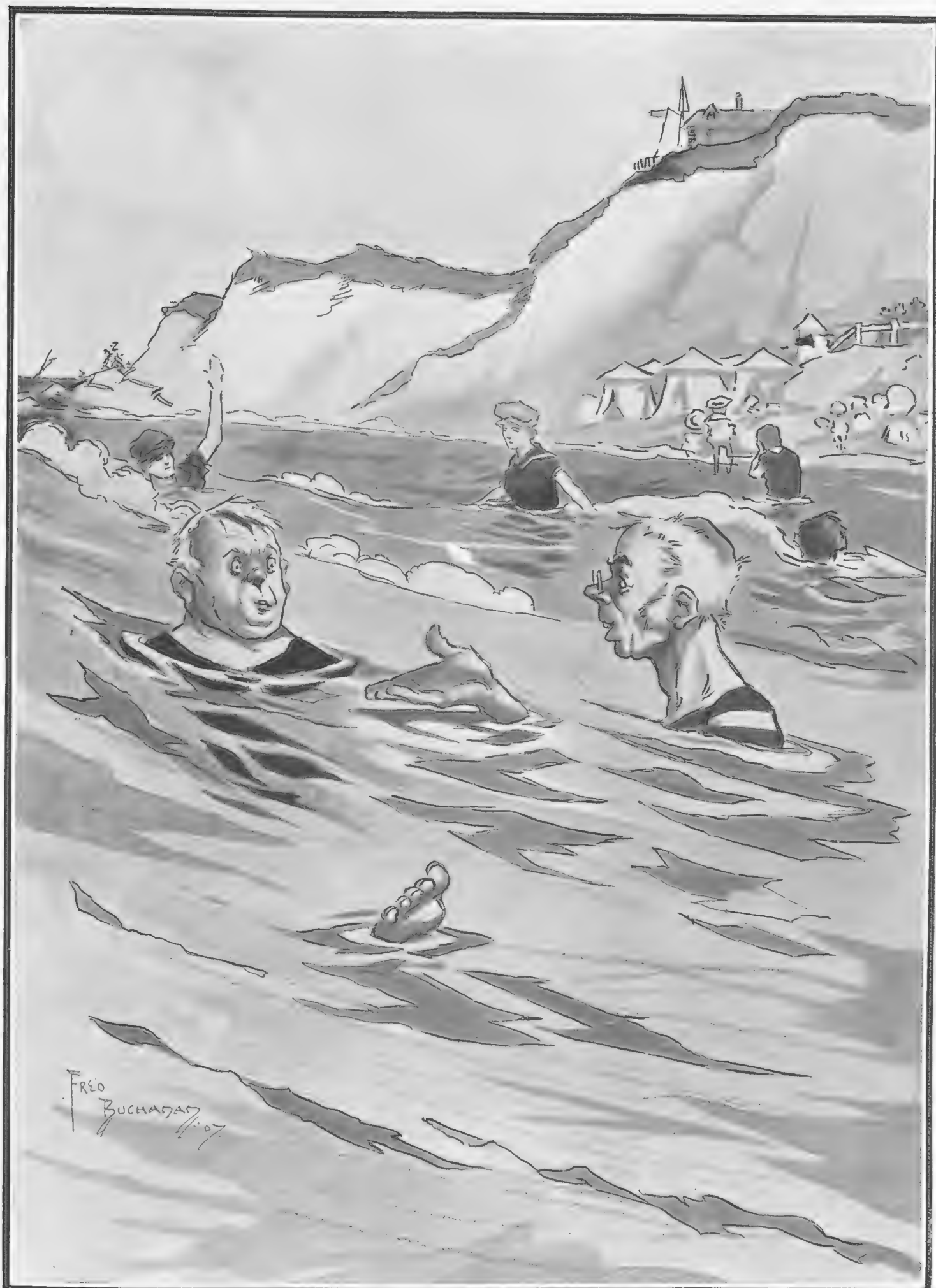
Then the audience settled down, and the play went on from the point at which it had been so ruthlessly interrupted.

Mr. Fred Lewis, who has made so great a success at the Haymarket as Monsieur Dupré, the father of the heroine, was once,

the cassock on the stage and to Mr. Brooking as its wearer. At the end of the second act, his Lordship has to say, "Now the Bishop can move over the chess-board." As soon as the actor uttered the words, the retort came ("pat," says Mr. Brooking) from the gallery, "Begorra, you move to-morrow night!"



"TWO SEAS AND A SPLIT WAVE, PLEASE."



ABSENT-MINDED BATHER: Hullo, old man. Glad to see you. Sit down and have a drink.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE incongruous association of the name of de Vere—borne by two poets in the last century—with the squalid horror of a Monte Carlo murder has been noted; and Landor's injunction to Aubrey de Vere the younger—friend of Wordsworth and Tennyson—has been quoted—

Make thy proud name  
Still prouder for thy sons, Aubrey de Vere.

But one last poignancy of the pathos of its fall into the annals of the French police has been missed. Aubrey de Vere had no sons, and his brothers had no sons. But Sir Stephen de Vere, as we all know, had a god-son! The "proud name" would be now extinct were it not borne—by Vere Gould.

The literature of crime flourishes; insufficient for the day is the evil thereof. One murder revives the memories of an hundred,

On went the procession, with a mob about it sufficient to make its progress slow and laborious. Small wonder that the age of Thackeray, with Thackeray's help, set up its scaffolds within four high walls. Asking for drink, Lord Ferrers was refused, for, said the Sheriff, late regulations enjoined him not to let prisoners drink while passing from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, great indecencies having been committed by the drunkenness of criminals in the hour of execution. "And though," said he, "my Lord, I might think myself excusable in overlooking this order out of regard to your Lordship's rank, yet there is another reason which, I am sure, will weigh with you: your Lordship is sensible of the greatness of the crowd; we must draw up at some tavern; the confluence would be so great that it would delay the expedition which your Lordship seems so much to desire." But decency—so often paraded by those who outrage it—ended with the



[DRAWN BY TONY SARG.]

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS—II.—ENSURING GOOD FORTUNE BY PICKING UP A PIECE OF COAL.

and Mr. George R. Sims has undertaken the task of dishing up many a savoury mystery of the past. If he goes back to the days of Tyburn, let him study the learned contribution to a late issue of the *Athenaeum*, which more or less establishes the situation of that place of blood as having been, during the major part of its history, at the junction of the Edgware and Bayswater roads. Park Lane was Tyburn Lane, and it seems as if the gallows—described in an old document as "movable"—at one time stood at its east corner. In that case the stealthy burglar of Mr. Wertheimer's snuff-boxes must have trodden very near the ignominious dust of many a pioneer in his own profession.

But whether it be Mr. Wertheimer's, or Lord Battersea's house that stands on the site of Tyburn Tree, or that carefully-groomed house at the beginning of the Bayswater Road, upon whose walls hangs the narrow cage from which a lark's song ascends over the din of the motor-bus, the Marble Arch, itself a "movable," marks the region of many a martyrdom and many an execution. It was there the ferocious Lord Ferrers was hung in 1760 for murdering his servant. Horace Walpole's words paint the picture well. "He shamed heroes. He bore the solemnity of a pompous and tedious procession of above two hours, from the Tower to Tyburn, with as much tranquility as if he were only going to his own burial, not to his own execution." And when one of the dragoons of the procession was thrown from his horse Lord Ferrers expressed much concern, and said, "I hope there will be no death to-day but mine."

murderer's death: "The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it cried—the greatest tragedy, to his thinking, of the day!"

The "Limerick" is making a nation of poets; rhyming dictionaries have never been so much in request; and Mr. Yeats's volumes are selling like hot cakes, there being an impression that the study of an Irish poet should help in the winning of prizes. Such desperate searchers are doomed to find pages of weird woodiness and fairies and twilights in sonnets of fourteen lines and ballads of four hundred, but never a specimen of that pregnant five-lined stanza that has supplied a golden opportunity to the advertiser and his votary.

Would Dante Gabriel Rossetti have been a prizewinner? He at least was a Limerick enthusiast, but it is doubtful whether he had the skill of all the unrecognised rhymers who slip their powerful "last lines" into the competition letter-box, and awake wealthy the next morning. Rossetti loved to find rhymes for the most difficult of his friends' names: that they always took them in good part proves Rossetti's hold upon their affections or, perhaps, proves the undeniable justice of his witticisms. Howell must have winced before his own particular verse, although when it was written his dangerous skill in forgeries had not been publicly discovered—

There's a Portuguese person named Howell,  
Who lays on his lies with a trowel:  
Should he give over lying,  
'Twill be when he's done dying,  
For living is lying with Howell.

M. E.



# IF MEN WERE THE SIZE OF INSECTS:

PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING LIFE WITH POSITIONS REVERSED.



## ATTACKED BY A BEETLE—THE SIMPLE LIFE AS IT MIGHT BE.

Those who grumble at the management of the world may thank their lucky stars that things are as they are. Imagine even the insects many sizes bigger; man would soon become the hunted instead of the hunter. A short time, indeed, and he would cease to exist. The beetle here shown is an enlargement of an actual specimen.

(See Double-page of this Issue.)

## A Rovel in . . . a Rutshell.

### THE MAN WHOM MANY LOVED.

BY HERBERT SHAW.



WHEN a man persuades himself to believe that women are for his pleasure only many things may happen to him, and they are all unlovely. He dies, or he is ill, or he lives to scorn all hours of the day except those when he is asleep. Anyway, after thirty, he drifts through life uncharted, all moorings forgotten. Whatever the incidentals that happen, he enters the land of regret. This land is bad for a woman, regret, for her, being a sharp and bitter thing. But a man is as badly off, for his regret is dull and eternal.

For the man who looks primitively upon women the coming of this state is a fixed law, except in (roughly) twelve happy escapes that are given to every big city, just to prove that the gods are sometimes kind. Warwickson's was one of (roughly) twelve such cases that were given to London.

Some men are excused from being straight because they are great poets; but very little poets have been as bad, and clamoured for excuse without reason. Warwickson was not even a poet, except in the last five minutes before the gate opened miraculously, to release him from the shadowed land.

His rooms were in Clifford's Inn. Prints of Maurice Hewlett and Kipling were on the walls. Warwickson had the mind that thinks in colours. There was a beautifully roomy green chair in which he had spent more than two or three expectant afternoons waiting for visitors, who generally came; for Warwickson had the way with women, which aided his simple philosophy. He wrote a little, and because his stuff was individual, and editors did not at all times clamour for it, he was a little soured. It did not matter, for he had just enough on which to live. He had wandered over many roads, and in dreams he still saw his applauded elaboration of the great idea that should yet come; in life he worked when he wished to, admired London, and carried out his own philosophy. He had a peculiarly ugly face; but that did not matter.

They were cosy rooms, but not cosy enough to justify his frequent mention of them. Warwickson's "You must come round and see them some time," spoken to a woman, was really a parade of himself for battle. In his career at least three women had understood it at once as a shameless unmasking of his creed.

To Warwickson, bored and out of touch with the afternoon at an "at home" at Chelsea, came the woman of this story. Warwickson had a faint idea of being told that she, like himself, wrote stories. Her full name had floated to him, and he knew the half was Margaret.

Between his conversation he reflected that he had never known a woman called Margaret. From a purely outside view, it seemed an unpardonable omission which the gods had remedied just in time.

Because Margaret was interested in all things, she was by far the greater artist in life. She was very interested now. This was a different kind. At home she classified him—wrongly.

When they met again he knew she was Margaret Willard, and that she was a widow. Ralph Willard had been the sort of man who wears a white waistcoat slip and looks as if he must be a stockbroker. Margaret, having lost many illusions, had built up another set (being a true woman), and prayed stone-heartedly that they might not prove false, like the others. She wrote, too—well.

Wondering if she could drag him into a story, she was already making notes about Warwickson.

And Warwickson, when he said good-bye, added, "You really must come along some time and see my rooms."

At another time, also, he extended this request. Putting it in the light of a wonderful voyage of exploration, he decorated the red-walled room with words.

She said—"Why, of course I'll come"; and did not come.

Her facile acceptance meant for Warwickson an afternoon of waiting for a timid sound on the big outer door. In the evening he argued with great success that a man who could ever feel regret of any kind about a woman was no man at all. Later it occurred to him that he would have just loved to see her moving about the little room where the sun never came. Then he meditated a journey to where there were many lights, and cabs sped all ways unceasingly, and many women acted being happy, receiving no applause.

But he remained indoors, still arguing with a newspaper-man who had drifted up his stairs. He said repeatedly that nearly all men were prigs. He handed out to them mild disqualities that ranked them with sheep.

Margaret went eastward on a sunny afternoon. Warwickson came westward, and they met where the church breaks the traffic in the Strand. In the first necessary remark about the sun's condescension there was no time for the girding on of weapons; and then to Warwickson, artist in his creed, the surprise of the meeting must be excuse for his note of exultation.

"You were coming along then? I waited last Wednesday."

She shook her head, and Warwickson, by now armoured, strove to recover ground.

"But you will come, won't you? You were meant to come, or we shouldn't have met. I believe you promised you would, some day or other. I don't want to talk about myself"—and now they were both walking eastward—"but I can make splendid coffee. It's brown stuff, in a bottle, but it pans out splendidly. And I got a cheque yesterday, and filled up my biscuit tin—first time it's been full for weeks."

She laughed. In a quick access of unreasoning hate Warwickson hated all lives except their own. Included in this loathing was the whole living river of the Strand. The people were all dull and stupid, and machines. He had to think about getting out of their way; it was monstrous that there should not be a straight, clear path for himself and for her. And there should be flowers. Emperor, he would have stayed the pulse of all London for five minutes. Again he thought that it was imperative for him to see her moving about his room, against the red walls.

Clifford's Inn was five hundred years behind the crowded Strand, arched and quiet and grey. She saw his name black-lettered on the wall, and thought of banners and trappings of battle wherein moved some long-dead Warwick who, like this one, must have had fair hair. She stopped on the landing, out of breath.

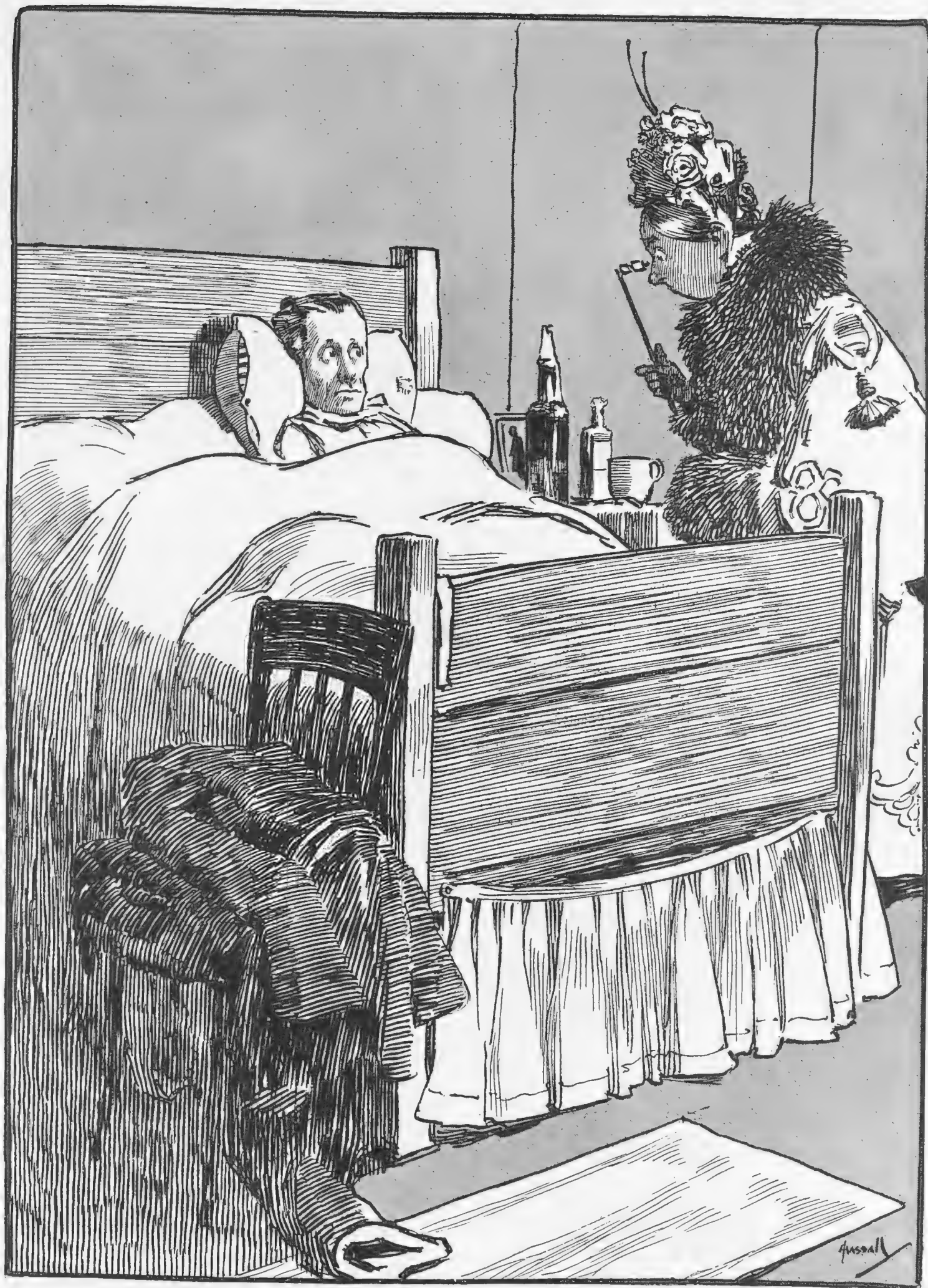
"Why, I'll have the coffee in five minutes," said Warwickson, and opened the outer door.

She looked across the absurd and tiny hall. The inner door was

[Continued overleaf.]



UNCHRISTIAN SCIENCE!



DISTRICT VISITOR (to invalid who will try every medicine that is advertised): Another bottle of quack medicine! And yet you pray to be delivered from false doctorin', heresy, and schism.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

open; and she saw the print of Maurice Hewlett on the wall, the leather U.S. mail-bag (the filched gift of a great correspondent), the end of the mantelpiece, the end of the white shelf below, crowded with books, and the furred and friendly kettle on its stand.

"I don't think I'll come in," said Margaret.

Ignorant and unbelieving, he held the outer door for her entrance. "Now you've come so far, won't you sit on the stairs a minute while I make you a cup of coffee?" he said, smiling.

"I'd rather not come in," she repeated, "if you don't mind."

He looked at her for a moment, and then shut the door. It slammed like a full-stop designed by Fate; and for Warwickson its closing swung open the gate into the land of regret where he must now walk.

"Perhaps it's nicer not." The beginning of the new Warwickson spoke simply, stating a new law.

Where the church breaks the traffic in the Strand, Warwickson said quickly—

"Perhaps my rooms aren't so very much to see, after all. But I'll tell you something. I'll make this our country for meeting—here between Villiers Street and the church. There's heaps of landmarks in this stretch—Cuthbertson's (the north one), the telegraph office, the picture shop, and the big shop that sells trunks and has a gold-tipped walking-stick in the window marked five guineas. A month ago, I was going in to buy it . . . thought it was five shillings. I saw the other five just in time."

Margaret broke from the desperate silence that had been their companion between Clifford's Inn and the church.

"What a boy you are!"

"I wish I were," said Warwickson seriously, abjuring in four words the creed of fourteen years. "But this is my idea. Every Thursday, at three o'clock, I'll come out of the Inn and walk in this country for an hour. I'll stop by each of the four landmarks I've told you. And one Thursday or other you might come—they're awfully interesting shops, those four. We could have tea at some place. Just as you like, of course. Don't promise, or say anything, but in future Thursday's my 'at home' day, in the Strand."

Warwickson went back to a distasteful room that was papered with a blank, red frown. He groped dully, trying to rebuild the fallen city of his thoughts.

In that room, for many days, Warwickson held parliament with himself, beating his fists against the wall of the completed years.

Himself was very scornful, giving Warwickson to fully understand that of all the colossally foolish ways in which men arranged their lives, his way had been the most absurd. He finished each of these sessions with a vain attempt to lift the iron bar of yesterday from his mind. Angry with repeated failures, he flung low curses to himself, at which he only smiled and was still more scornful.

This grey period merged into another time when life was merely a matter of Thursdays.

On nights when the newspaper-man drifted to his rooms Warwickson became savage, and slew him in many arguments on a hundred different subjects. On Thursdays Warwickson wandered in the desert country of the Strand.

He lounged successively before the windows of the picture-shop, the shop that sells trunks, the telegraph office, and Cuthbertson's. Many of those who hurried by took

him for a man up from the country for a day, who had lost his way beyond hope. Warwickson bought nothing much on these fruitless excursions, but, returning to the Inn, often found his pockets bulging with boxes of very bad matches. So far as he remembered, the pavement-sellers must have handed them to him as gifts.

After the fifth fruitless Thursday, life was no set business at all, but simply a blind and wild scheming by which Warwickson became an "at home" rabbit, frequenting the houses of his friends. Now chance asked for cards and, speaking allegorically, filled a poor hand to a magnificent miracle of four kings. Being interpreted, this means that in the house at Chelsea that had sheltered the Beginning, Warwickson met a lady. Chance, already bored with the business, withdrew from the game; and there followed (beginning in the middle of the talking) palaver of man drawn to woman and woman drawn to man. Himself was still scornful frequently, goading the man to bitterness.

"I know you know. I have been . . . that sort of man. And that you should—that it should be there for you to know. . . It just hits me. I'm down and out. But, however bad it was, I swear I've paid these days. I've paid in full—since the time you stood outside my door, and I left you in the Strand."

"You mustn't. Oh yes, I understand; I'm not a girl. But, you know, it isn't so very bad after all."

"You would say that if I was any fellow. If you had only met me this five minutes you would say that, because of your woman's heart. Isn't it a funny thing? They give us this game to play, and we stumble along. . . And just when we really have got some sense, and know how to play it a little, properly, we find that we're miles too late—and the game's lost. And now I know you knew about me pretty well at first. That is rather worse. People talked to you about me—"

"No, they just shook their heads. That's all," said Margaret. "Honour. . . Or else they said nice things. Everybody loves you."

The way her voice went should have spoken to him far beyond the words. But the stripping of the creed of the years and the lonely judgment days of five whole weeks had made him just a dazed penitent, bereft of confidence and shorn of woman-knowledge.

"I've made up my mind. In one of the Minutes of yesterday it came. I'm going away. I am not the fellow

that should be about at all. It's all I can give you now, to go away. But I wanted to tell you that I'm quite quit of my idea . . . my foolishness . . . And I'll not kiss a woman any more," said the man whom many loved.

Her quick mind saw him swiftly in a strange city, or tramping along a scorched road, or on a liner in mid-ocean, or waiting moodily for the landing at a great noisy port where stood many ready with welcome for returning friends. And in all these places he was lonely and self-hateful.

Warwickson looked at her, still dazed with confession, and incapable of translating correctly the pity in her eyes, her silent lips, the speech of her nervous hands. Suddenly, before she spoke, a strange buoyant thing flickered in him—the returning of a man's soul.

"Won't you kiss me?" said Margaret. . . .

THE END.



[DRAWN BY CHARLES L. VICARY.]

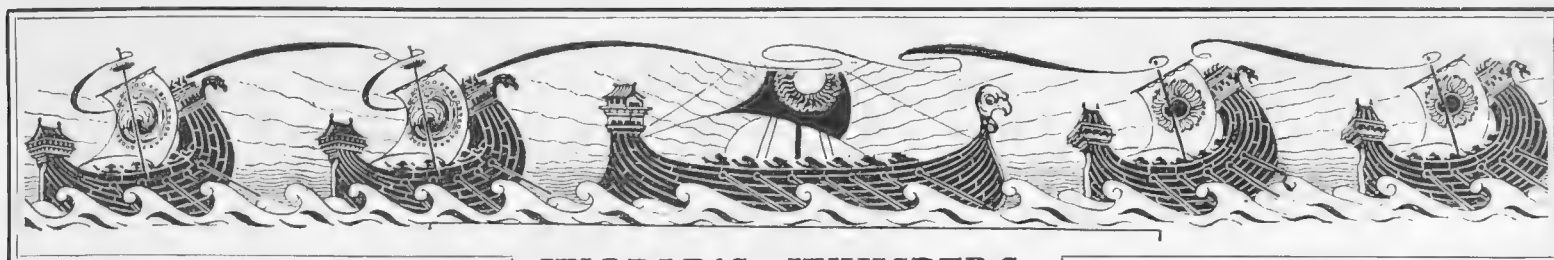
THE GOLFER: How far is it to the next hole, boy?

FIRST CADDIE: About a drive an' a putt, Sir.

(The Golfer, after great preparations, drives his ball only a few inches.)

FIRST CADDIE (TO SECOND CADDIE): Hey, Jock! he's ta'en his putt first.





## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

FEW recent Court appointments have been acclaimed more warmly than that of Lord Granard to succeed Lord Sefton as Master of the Horse. Not wealth, but worth and deserved popularity have carried him to this important position. He is by no means rich, except in that he inherits a fine old name, a rare family history, and in himself is a young fellow of spirit and much personal charm. He has been a soldier, like all his brothers and many an earlier member of his family. They have a rare fighting and hunting record, with one of their earliest feats recorded upon their escutcheon. The Gordons are supposed to have three bears upon their coat of arms, but their bears are boars. Lord Granard's are the three bears. The actual deed entitling them to the distinction embraced the killing of but one bear, but as that was big enough and savage enough for three, and was, moreover, in the Highlands, Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, clapped the representation of a trio of them on the family arms, and there it has remained ever since.

## Asses, Fools, and Puppies.

The little scene in the House between Mr. John O'Connor and young Lord Turnour recalls the days of "Randy" and Sir William Harcourt. The Member for North Kildare, stung by the repeated interruptions of the irrepressible young Viscount, who can "talkee muchee stlong," as the Chinaman says, "went for" him wordily and strongly, and breathed verbal chastisements, which in the bad old days would

of Parliament who find all-night sittings inimical to complexion and temper strikes a responsive echo in the hearts of those whose duty calls them to many public dinners and meetings, where perverse and platitudinous orators most do congregate. It may not be so much the prosiness of those who protract Parliamentary discussion as their desire faithfully to emulate the tactics of the Fourth Party, whose operations Mr. Winston Churchill's Life of his father has rendered topical. "The duty of an Opposition is to oppose," he said, and others are proving that they believe him. If the obstructive speeches were not extemporaneously delivered there might be hope, by adapting the expedient explained by Lord Rosebery. A Governor-Designate, with very indifferent powers of speaking, laboured painfully on to the great grief of an assembly. Presently Lord Granville cocked his eyes over the speaker's notes as they lay on the table, and to his horror saw marked in red ink and underlined—"Here dilate on the cotton trade." How, by a sleight-of-hand trick, the ready nobleman caused the notes suddenly to disappear and the speaker as precipitately to resume his seat those who have heard Lord Rosebery tell the story will remember.

## A Lady Cigar-Smoker.

The American Consulat Liverpool has just made an amazing discovery: Britons smoke! Not only do we smoke: in this gentleman's estimate, we smoke more than any other people on earth. Surely he cannot have been to Holland and seen men, women, and children making the weed look small, or observed how a Spanish or Russian beauty brings paradise to earth through the medium of a cigarette. Still, we may own up that not a few in this country do smoke. Some of the best of us do. The King is probably the biggest smoker of cigars in the land, though Mr. Chamberlain runs him close when well. It is the workers who are among the heaviest smokers. Sir William Harcourt was a Dutchman for tobacco, and worthy to rank with Tennyson and Carlyle. One of the hardest working women in this land is a lady novelist who turns out her two or three novels every year. She can work fourteen hours a day, but she must have a cigar for each hour. Probably the most consistent disciple of the weed in London is Mr. Mundella, the education expert. He lights up the moment he has got into his bath.



THE NEW MASTER OF THE HORSE: LORD GRANARD, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED LORD SEFTON.

The new Master of the Horse is in his thirty-third year, and succeeded his father, as eighth earl, in 1889. He is a captain in the Scots Guards; has been a Lord-in-Waiting to the King for the last two years; and is a bachelor.

Photograph by Dickinson.



THE "IMPERTINENT PUPPY" INCIDENT IN THE COMMONS: LORD TURNOUR.

Mr. O'Connor caused something of a scene in the House last week by his remarks anent "impertinent puppies." The Deputy-Speaker called on Mr. O'Connor to withdraw the remark. This he did "out of respect for the Chair."

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

have meant an instant adjournment to Hyde Park, each man with a pistol up his sleeve. Happily, both sides kept their temper, and on the following afternoon effected a reconciliation witnessed by newspaper Lobbyists with tears in those Lobbyists' eyes. The bludgeoning was heavier in the old days. "You little ass!" Harcourt hissed across the floor. "You damned fool!" instantly answered Randy. It was prettier play when the "G.O.M." was attacked, for he could be so exquisitely courteous and forgiving if the younger man gave him a suspicion of a chance. The day came when Randy had to bear the slings and arrows of his own side, and upon an afternoon when he almost choked while speaking, one of the youthful orthodox ones handed him a glass of water. "Thanks! I trust that this will not compromise you with your party," said Randy, so that all the House might hear.



A NEGRESS WHO IS TO SHOW THE PROGRESS OF HER RACE IN A SERIES OF SCULPTURED GROUPS: MISS META VAUX WARRICK.

Miss Warrick, a clever young negro artist, has been commissioned by the United States Government to construct fifteen groups representing the progress of her race from the time of the landing at Jamestown in 1610 to the present date.

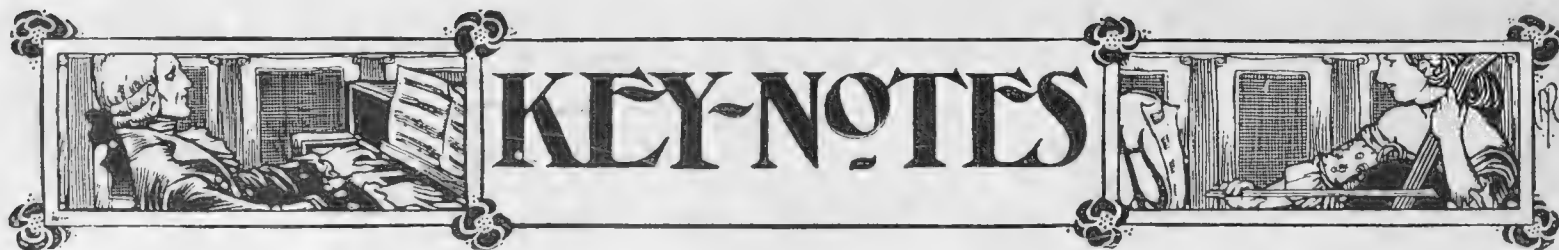
Photograph by P. F. Press Bureau.



ONE OF THE PARTICIPANTS IN THE SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: MR. JOHN O'CONNOR.

Mr. O'Connor's ire was aroused by the fact that, while he was speaking, Lord Turnour carried on a laughing conversation with Mr. Claude Hay, who was a few seats away. Lord Turnour answered Mr. O'Connor by jumping to his feet and asking the Deputy-Speaker whether the hon. member for North Kildare was in order.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



THE season of Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall has opened under favourable conditions. To be sure, the earliest note was one of sadness, for Chopin's Funeral March was played in memory of the passing of Joseph Joachim, and the vast audience stood silent and responsive while the music expressed its grief; but this tribute was a fitting one, and there must have been many among the audience who will not lightly allow the great Hungarian's achievements to fade from memory. It might be suggested, while referring to the loss music has sustained, that it would be a pleasant work for wealthy amateurs of the violin who have drunk so deeply at the fountain of Joachim's inspiration to establish some scholarship in his memory, or to seek in some useful and practical fashion to further the interests of chamber music that were so dear to his heart. While Joachim belonged to all Europe, if not to all the world, his gifts were lavished with special generosity upon England. His influence upon chamber music and upon violin-playing in this country would be hard to over-estimate, and he has left no successor. The only man who stands upon his plane is Ysaÿe, and the great Belgian violinist—who, by the way, has his own quartet just as Joachim had—is seldom heard in England. London audiences have not responded to him as he expects and deserves, and it is upon him that the mantle of the departed violinist has fallen. The debt that London owes to Joachim cannot be paid by a performance of Chopin's Funeral March, however deeply the tribute may have impressed those who were fortunate enough to hear it, and the amateurs must come to the aid of professional musicians, for the profession is not wealthy.

Mr. Wood's orchestra is in excellent form, and one is happy to miss those little outbursts of enthusiasm that have led sometimes, in

past years, to an increase in volume at the expense of tone. To be sure, the conductor is fond of italics and inverted commas and capital letters, if one may say so without offence; he does not always rely to the fullest extent upon the intelligence of his audience. Some of us, at least, do not require to have all the points in a score brought out with so much emphasis. But Mr. Wood knows that the Promenade Concerts are a training ground, and the quality of his training is shown by the composition of the second half of the programme. In the old days, and they are not so very old, the second half of the programme at a Queen's Hall Promenade Concert was something of which conductor and players seemed to be more or less ashamed. It was a rubbish-heap upon which anything might be thrown, and the policy of making the second part so terribly popular seemed to be a mistake, because the people who like such things must have been disgusted with, or at least intolerant of, the good music that preceded them, and a great part of the serious patrons of the concerts went out at the interval and were careful not to return. This year Mr. Wood has lifted up the standard of the second part of the programme, and one may remain in the Queen's Hall from the first number to the last with a mind at ease.



AT WORK ON HIS NEW OPERA, "LA CAMICIA ROSSA": SIGNOR LEONCAVALLO.

The famous composer is hard at work on his new Opera at his delightful villa at Brissago, on Lake Maggiore. The work, in which he puts great faith, is practically finished, and there has already been a private rehearsal.

The proper relations between smoke and music are hard to understand. Although the point has been settled and the savour of countless blends of the greatly favoured weed is added to the other attractions of Queen's Hall, we have an uneasy feeling that some composers do not go well with tobacco. In days when promenade concerts were popular in the worst sense of the term, smoke was in the right place. A man might find so much consolation in his pipe or his cigar that he could forget the orchestral interference with his enjoyment. To-day, the case is altered. Beethoven, Brahms, and Wagner, for example, as interpreted at Queen's Hall, demand the fullest possible measure of attention; he who has heard a Beethoven symphony twenty times can still discover fresh beauties at the twenty-first hearing if he will concentrate his attention. And even if his own tobacco habit does not stand in his way, the fumes of surrounding tobaccos will surely avail to disturb his serenity, for where is the man who, being a keen smoker, can endure the scent of alien tobaccos? Surely there ought to be nights set aside for certain brands—nights on which the introducer of an alien brand should be brought before a court of summary jurisdiction. Great care is exercised in the selection of the programme, that there may be no too violent clashing of style and method; but while the sense of hearing is flattered, the sense of smell is regarded as a matter of no concern. It is clearly wrong to exalt one sense and debase another.

Even a lover of tobacco may venture to suggest that the music of the latter-day masters requires a clear head and a clear atmosphere for its proper appreciation. The man who has some slight knowledge of conventional musical form can follow most works easily enough, even while he enjoys his pipe or cigar; but the moderns who write according to no rules demand an attention that cannot be shared with anything else. Strauss, Debussy, Vincent d'Indy, and Fauré, to name a few who have added so largely to the old forms and essayed so many harmonic and rhythmic diversions, require the attention that a mathematician gives to a problem, or their music becomes, like the definition of this planet in the first chapter of Genesis—"Without form and void."

COMMON CHORD.



OUR FASTEST BOWLER TO BECOME A SINGER: MR. N. A. KNOX, WHO IS TO STUDY IN PARIS UNDER JEAN DE RESZKE.

Mr. Knox, generally recognised as our fastest bowler, is to study singing in Paris, under Jean de Reszke. He was educated at Dulwich, and is twenty-two. In the last Test Match he took two wickets for 39 runs in the first innings, bowling 10 overs, of which 2 were maidens. In the second innings 53 runs were scored from his bowling, but he did not take a wicket. In this innings he bowled 8 overs. In the first innings he was not out for 8; in the second innings he made 3.

Photograph by Hawkins.





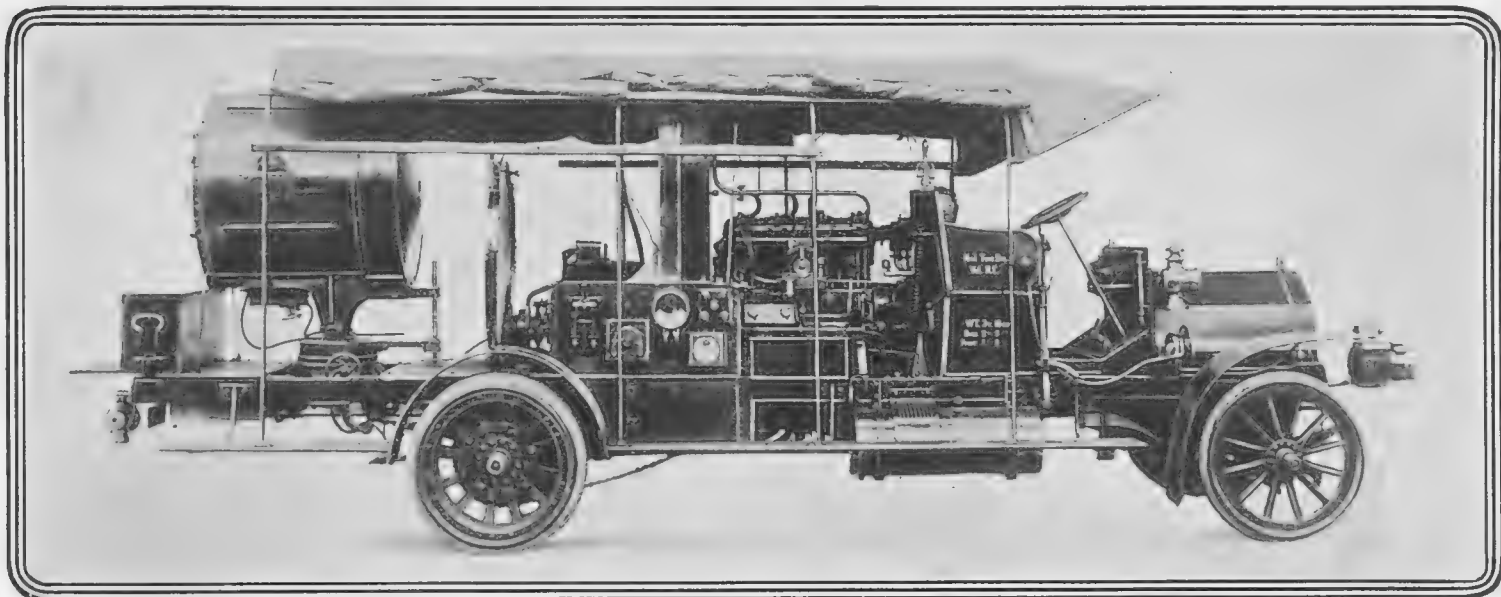
REPAIR BILLS AFTER LONG-DISTANCE RUNS—THE LOUNGING, OFFENDING CHAUFFEUR—MOTORISTS AND DOGS: NEGLIGENCE NEEDED—THE 2000-MILES R.A.C. TRIAL: ITS EFFECT ON THE SCOTTISH FIXTURE—CONTINENTAL TYRE TRIUMPHS—CLUB MEDALS FOR LONG-SERVICE CERTIFICATE HOLDERS.

A CLUB certificate to the effect that a particular car has been driven so many thousands of miles without a mechanical stop is a very fine thing in its way, but there is a lack of information of subsequent happenings which would prove invaluable to a prospective purchaser if made public. It is, as I have suggested, quite nice to have the assurance of a long non-stop record, but still better to be made aware by official scrutiny and testimony exactly what wear and tear resulted from such strenuous driving and exactly the cost of returning everything to its original condition—to be told, in fact, the expenditure that was necessary to make everything *equal to new*. The idea of prolonged officially-observed non-stop runs is old as automobilism goes, but the officially rendered re-newing certificate would have the undoubted attraction both of novelty and worth.

When will motor-car owners who employ chauffeurs take steps to make these men know their places and behave like rational

that no matter what has happened, or at whose door lies the blame, it is only necessary to sue a motorist to obtain damages.

It would seem that the 2000-miles trial proposed to be held by the Royal Automobile Club this year is intended to sap the well-earned and well-deserved success of the Scottish Reliability Trial. For the past three years the trials so splendidly engineered by Mr. Robert Smith and his Scotch colleagues have held pride of place as a searching and all-sufficient annual test of modern cars; but now it would appear that this pride of place is to be wrenched from them by the sheer magnitude of the big Club's trial. I should imagine that the majority of the firms interested in the automobile industry, whether as importers, agents, or manufacturers, find that the cost of a five days' trial, such as the Scottish function, is quite expensive enough in these days of falling prices and shrinking profits. If the original 1000-miles trial had been followed at an interval of a year or so by what is now proposed there



THE EYE OF THE ARMY ON A MOTOR-CAR: A MILITARY SEARCHLIGHT ON AN AUTOMOBILE.

The automobile searchlight shown is one of the latest additions to the equipment of our Army. It is constructed to run at between twenty-two and twenty-five miles an hour. It is mounted on particularly thick pneumatic tyres, which enable it to cover ploughed fields and very rough roads at about twelve miles an hour. It is driven by a 4-cylinder, 45-h.p. motor. The searchlight has a power of 4000 candles, and can be seen at a distance of nearly four miles. Four men work the machine; and the car can also carry four other persons. The apparatus belongs to the Tyne division of the Royal Engineers.

beings? If a corner is taken fast on the wrong side, if a woman cyclist is cut to within an inch of her handle-bar, if a bewildered pet dog has its life crushed out by a car, if an approaching vehicle is forced into the ditch on a straight road whereon is ample room for both, it will, in the majority of cases, be found that a paid driver is at the wheel of the offending car. I do not include all paid drivers in this condemnation—far from it. Happily, there is a large percentage of this class who drive with the utmost consideration for other users of the road and their masters' property at the same time; but, on the other hand, there are some who conduct themselves villainously all round. The worst offender is generally found to drive his car lolling right back in his seat, so that he can just, and only just, peer over the wheel, to have his leather peaked cap tipped over his eyes, and the soddened end of a cheap cigarette sticking out of his mouth, while he fires along, irrespective of everybody. Owners should make a stand against this lamentable sort of person, and refuse to employ him.

It would be well if the views of the Judge of the Knaresborough County Court, with regard to motors and dogs, were to obtain generally. The proprietors of a line of motor-buses plying in and about Harrogate were summoned for running over and killing a dog, which had gone out in company with a carman, and was running alongside the latter's van at the time of the accident. The motor-bus met this vehicle, and the dog, getting under the wheels of the former, was killed. The Judge held that the dog-owner must prove negligence, and as this could not be done, he gave a verdict for the defendants with costs, including counsel's and witnesses' fees. This should prove a salutary lesson to many who are too prone to imagine

would have been value in it in every way, but to-day such a proposition seems to come too late.

It is impossible to follow the records of Continental racing and fail to remark the extraordinary proofs afforded of the reliability of Continental tyres. Take, as an example, the details of the Coupe de la Presse, run early this month over the trying course known as the Circuit de Lisieux, and won by a Peugeot car driven by M. E. Renaux. This car ran on Continental tyres carried on Vinet detachable rims, and these, standing up throughout the entire race, enabled the old-time firm of Peugeot to add another winning bracket to their ancient list. It is also remarkable that the third, fourth, eighth, tenth, twelfth, and thirteenth cars to finish in this race were fitted with Continental tyres.

No work performed by the Royal Automobile Club has deserved warmer thanks of the automobile community than that discharged with regard to the driving certificates of professional drivers. With a view to encouraging long-service, good conduct, and steady behaviour the Club has decided to award medals to driving and mechanical certificate holders on the following basis: A bronze medal will be awarded to a dual certificate holder serving in one situation, workshop, or private service for a period of three years from the date of the certificate. Also to any driving certificate holder remaining in the same service for four years. A silver medal will go to a dual certificate holder completing four years' service, and to a driving certificate holder completing five years. A gold medal can only be claimed by a dual certificate holder completing five years' service in one employ.

("The Man on the Car" is continued on a later page.)

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

DONCASTER—OUTSIDERS—TIPSTERS.

AS His Majesty the King is to be the guest of Lord Savile for the Doncaster Meeting, which commences on Sept. 10, there should be a biggest attendance on record on the Town Moor this year. The St. Leger, which is run for on the 11th, may not create so much interest as usual, as it is at

present considered to be a one-horse race so long as Wool Winder keeps well. Yet there are many of the present generation who can well remember the victory of the outsider, Dutch Oven, ridden by Archer, in 1882. The mare had been down the course at York, but won at Doncaster all right. I remember some gentleman saying to the late Mr. R. H. Fry, "I suppose the mare was not backed, as Lord Falmouth does not bet?" and the layer answered, "I know his Lordship does not bet, but somebody connected with the stable does, and I have to pay out a good round sum." When Throstle beat Ladas in 1894 no one was more surprised than John Porter, the trainer of the winner, while the victory of Doricles over Volodyovski in 1901 must have come as a great surprise even to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who owned the winner. I should say Challacombe's victory in 1905 was not expected by the Manton division, for Polymelus, who ran second, was a good horse even then. A certain jockey once rode an outsider to victory in the St. Leger, and all the solace he received beyond his retainer and ordinary riding fee was the promise of a cabinet photo of the owner's wife, which he had not received many years after the victory. Archer had a

Clifden to victory in 1863, and he was also on Parson Lowndes's celebrated mare, Apology, when she won in 1874.

Several letters have been sent to me of late by parents who complain of their sons having received advertising tipsters' circulars. One

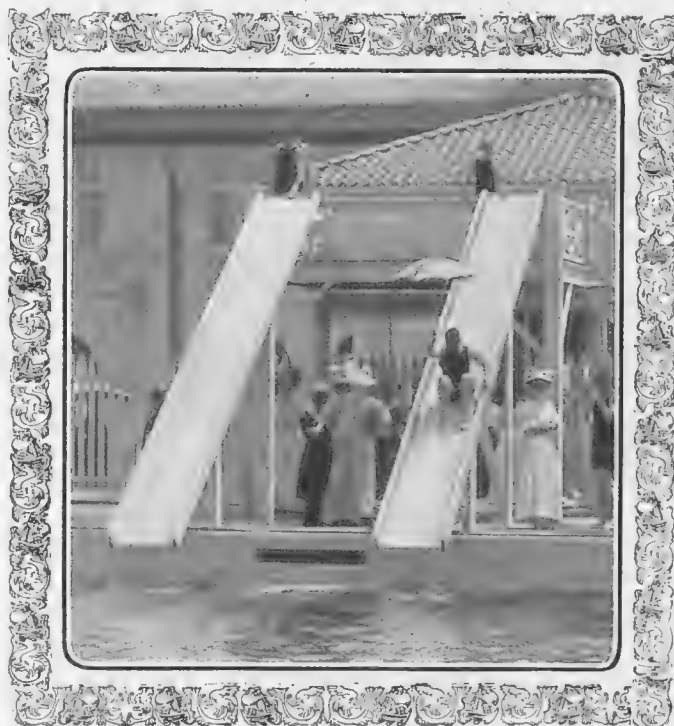
gentleman says that a certain tipster adopts rather a novel mode of making his power felt. He issues his decoy circular, dated Tuesday, on the following Friday, and thereby is able to predict for a certainty the majority of the long-priced winners. If this is really so, the man ought to go into confinement for a few months at the expense of his country. In any case, I think a man who distributes tipping circulars broadcast ought to be stopped. As I have said many times before, there are genuine advertising tipsters—men who have a knowledge of horses, and work hard to get on to the "goods." These men have their good and bad days, but they manage to make a substantial income and do not profess to have given winners when they have spotted losers. But there are others—men who change their names, and their addresses too, every other week. These scoundrels sow their circulars, filled with lies, broadcast, and they generally manage to capture a goodly number of Carlyle's fools. This is a little matter that might engage the Scotland Yard authorities; and here I should add that Mr. Henry Labouchere has deserved the thanks of all genuine sports-

men for having pounded away fearlessly at this grievance for years. It would be useless suggesting the warning-off of the culprits, as many of the worst offenders never go to

the race-course at all. Indeed, the majority of them have no permanent address, while some have their letters and telegrams sent to ordinary houses of call. It may be as well to advise all those who receive these unasked-for circulars to commit them to the flames, and on no account to send money for the alleged "good things" on offer. When once the advertising gentry find the game is not worth the candle they will stop sending, and if I had my way they should then be compelled, under pain of imprisonment, to back their own stumers.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



THE UMBRELLA-BRAKE FOR CHUTE-SHOOTERS:  
SLIDING THE SLOPE AT DEAL BEACH, NEAR LONG BRANCH.

Photograph by The Illustrations Bureau.



THE ART OF BATHING IN THE OPEN: AMERICA'S LESSON TO GREAT BRITAIN—THE SWIMMING-POOL AT DEAL BEACH, NEAR LONG BRANCH.

Deal Beach has what is generally regarded as the finest swimming-pool in the United States. It is right on the sea shore, and a tunnel under the main building leads to the beach, where surf bathing can be enjoyed. It will be noticed that seats with awnings are provided for the onlookers, and that the dressing-rooms flank the pool.

Photograph by The Illustrations Bureau.

wonderful run of luck in the St. Leger. He only once gave me a "gold leaf never-to-be-beaten final" for the race, and the beast finished absolutely last, much to his surprise, and to my discomfiture. When Mr. Sievier won in 1901 with Sceptre he arrived on the course with a very few pounds in his pocket, with the result that he did not have a plunge on his mare. He advised all his friends to put their maximum on, but they preferred backing the Irish colt, St. Brendan. As Mr. Sievier had expected, Sceptre won very easily from Rising Glass and Friar Tuck. John Osborne, whom I was glad to see looking very fit a few weeks back, rode Lord



## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### Peace without Conferences.

Women of all nationalities should be grateful to King Edward, for he has made peace in Europe as a mere incident on his way to a foreign spa—an achievement which Peace Conferences at The Hague seem powerless to effect. Like other highly intelligent persons of his time, the King is, no doubt, convinced of the senseless brutality of war, and especially of unnecessary war. Nowadays we are beginning to see that the results of successful battles are transient, while the results of peace and industry are permanent. A hundred years ago Europe lay crushed at the feet of Napoleon. To-day France is a stationary Power, anxious to secure any alliance which will assure her existence. Undoubtedly a potentate with tact, foresight, and prestige can accomplish miracles which the most bellicose of Emperors cannot perform. Is it not among the ironies of history that, five years after the Boer War, the Dutch Premier of the Transvaal should be voting a priceless diamond to his former foe, while the English party in South Africa is strenuously opposing the gift? Impartial observers cannot but think the offering a timely and gracious one. The Cullinan diamond should be placed in the English crown, for it is offered to Edward the Peace-Maker.

### Mrs. Blimber and the Holidays.

Those extraordinary individuals who cannot take a fortnight's vacation without asking other people's advice as to where they should go, what they should do, eat, and read, are abundantly catered for this year. Sage counsel is poured upon them from all quarters, and the *Book Monthly* has even secured the opinion of various literary persons as to what should be read in the holidays. I am sorry to say that the advice given is largely in the spirit of Dr. and Mrs. Blimber. The wife of that eminent pedagogue, one may be sure, would have urged a perusal of the classics, with Cicero for choice. One editor announces that his leisure will be beguiled by "Clarissa and Milton," a weird duo, which reminds one of the man who always alluded to Shakespeare as a book. A talented authoress recommends—with much, solid sense—"a good English dictionary"; while a famous Non-conformist only reads works dealing with the neighbourhood in which he spends his holiday. This plan limits one's outing to strictly literary localities, for Herne Bay and the high Alps are equally destitute of historians and romancers, the latter only possessing the climbing-book, than which nothing can be more tiresome. By far the best plan—at any rate, when one is visiting—is to put no books in your trunks, but to rely on vagrant and promiscuous reading in other people's libraries. Family memoirs, ancient books of etiquette, and forgotten novels often make the most amusing mental fare. Not long ago I came across "Glenarvon" in this manner, that rare novel by Lady Caroline Lamb, in which she held up to scorn and public contumely her former lover, Lord Byron.

### Taxing Amusements.

The newest idea for providing Old Age Pensions would be simple and ingenious—if its realisation did not depend on the ethics of fairyland. It is nothing more nor less than the nationalisation of all places of amusement, play-grounds, and race-courses,

which would be administered by a Government Department "along the lines best calculated to promote the health and happiness of the people," and that all profits derived from these places should be devoted to Old Age Pensions. Unfortunately for this scheme, theatres, music-halls, and race-courses managed by a paternal government on strictly idealistic lines would speedily show a serious fall in their receipts, so that the weekly stipend of the aged poor would be still farther off realisation than it is at present. Yet that some amusements might be taxed more than they are at present is an undoubted fact, for barrel-organs go free, while race-meetings contribute nothing to the State. It might be feasible to clap an impost on anything or anybody who made a loud noise, so that hurdy-gurdy and bookmaker would alike contribute a handsome revenue to the Exchequer.

### Untamed Female Novelists.

There has been a vigorous protest against certain foolish and pernicious novels which have recently appeared, but to which sensible people refuse to give a fictitious vogue by naming in print. It is humiliating to reflect that many of these ill-written and dubious books are the work of women anxious for *réclame* at any price. There are plenty of masculine authors, it is true, sailing close to the wind, but, as a rule, they do not offend in the same way, for they have a proper knowledge of, and a proper pride in, the writer's craft. The illiterate female writer running amok among the British conventions is a lamentable spectacle, for her metaphors are wilder than her ethics, and her grammar is as far to seek as her good taste.

### The Cool and Cautious Ingénue.

By a pious convention, all modern English and American fiction is written for young girls, and anything which treats of the wider aspects of the human comedy is pre-supposed to be pernicious to her morals. A great deal of rubbish is talked in this way, for a novel treating of lapses from the marriage vow is far more likely to harm a young wife than her unmarried sister. The ingénue of to-day is an extremely clear-sighted, level-headed young person, with a cheery tolerance of human failings and a high standard of ethics for herself. She is not at all likely to be led astray by an author of indifferent morals, for she has a nice sense of her own position and value in the scheme of civilisation, and no erotic romances refused by the circulating libraries would lead her to endanger it. In short, the modern young girl may safely be left to look after herself.



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING AFTERNOON GOWN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE summer is over, and women are actually beginning to think about autumn outfits. This year there will be less of a change about the performance of this duty than usual. Serge cloth and tweed have been worn throughout the so-called summer. During the holidays only the bravest of brave ventured into light clothing for long. Chilly winds and much rain sent them thankfully back into thicker things. It would seem that smooth-surfaced tweeds of curious mixtures will be much worn, and I find that the patterns of our own home-made tweeds include mixtures on a basis of quite bright colour. Brown and grey woven in on carnation-pink, blue of the Wedgwood types on bright green, olive-green and bronze on deep yellow ochre. All these I have seen, and think them charming. They are well suited to go with blouses of the colour which predominates in them, and of the silk called "Shan-tung." It wears well for blouses, but not so well for skirts, as it is inclined to rub rough.

The newest skirt, quite tightly-fitting over the hips, and very full round the hem will be worn walking length for the autumn. It is, of course, new only as fashions are accounted new: an old friend with a new face. We had this skirt for a specially long spell in fashion's annals, while yet we wore long trailing skirts on every possible occasion. Now we are to have it short, which will call for exercise of skill in the cutting. Coats worn over the blouses will show a good deal of them, at least in the opening part of the autumn, when their ornamental aspect is more important than the useful. There is a decided tendency towards the mere bolero, and that very elaborately braided or embroidered.

That the severe three-quarter-length tailor-built coat will still be worn by women who have good figures is certain. It is, however, not a garment for change of seasons, but for late autumn.

Motoring holds its charm for my sex through many vicissitudes. I wonder if it will hold them still through this wet summer. Everywhere I go I see a procession of cars, all closed up, often filled with ladies. One does not have time for a long look at their faces, but to me it seems that they are much less bright than when the cars were open. A friend tells me that she has been touring

for three weeks, and her chief interest has been catering, her chief excitement change of companionship. Catering is always for lunch and tea, which meals she takes in the car en route. Whether or not at a village or town she will be able to buy Huntley and Palmer's ginger-nuts, is a subject on which she and her husband have bets. Both of them swear by these biscuits alike because they are crisp and delicious, as because they find them so digestive. A fellow voyageur with them who shared their love of H. P. ginger-nuts sent them a lot. My friend says his attention was keenly appreciated, but they ate up their stock specially quickly in order to start their bets and their calls on all the grocers again.

Change of companionship she finds essential in motoring, and she invites her friends in relays, tells them where to meet her, and for how long she expects them to be her guests en route. Boxed up in a car, put to many inconveniences, with no resources save conversation when possible, one might be forgiven for getting weary of the society of one's best friend, therefore the constant change tends to harmony, an end much to be desired at any time, particularly desirable on a holiday tour.

A drawing of a charming afternoon gown in antelope-skin coloured silk will be found on "Woman's Ways" page. It is finished with lace trimmings and lace appliques on the skirt, and these are edged with embroidery; while the deep flounce is of heavy cream-coloured lace, which makes the skirt hang very gracefully. The bodice is fastened over a vest of cream-coloured tucked net.

We much regret that an announcement of the engagement of Lady Theodosia Acheson was made in *The Sketch* of Aug. 14, although previously contradicted in the Metropolitan Press.

## "THE MASTER CRIME."\*

MICHAEL KOFFMAN hurled a bomb—and fled," which was discreet of him. Messrs. Lyons and Raleigh wrote a book—and remain, which proves their belief in the popularity of their work. The said Michael was the cause of the trouble that gives "The Master Crime" its series of "thrills." Having hurled his bomb, Michael Koffman not only fled, but came to England and turned waiter. "During the Season there was only one Waiter at the Hotel. The place was vacant, and Michael was engaged. Silent smiling and attentive, he served, in the Bar parlour, the gossips who talked mainly of Mackerel—while the echoes of the bomb that he had thrown still rang through Europe!" Had he been content to garner tips and place himself on the highway that leads to the proprietorship of café or "pension," all might have been well. But, no! He would talk Anarchy, and John O'Heart was a ready pupil. Thus, when the "Rhamic" went ashore on Dead-man's Point, and Sir Morgan Tregayne, the Lord of the Manor, refused to permit the Coast Men to take possession of the wreck in accordance with ancient usage, John became the most aggressive of his fellows, defied the law, and led a raid. This did not help him when he was put on trial for the murder of Sir Morgan, who had sought to philander with Mrs. John O'Heart, and had been shot—of course, accidentally—in the struggle that had ensued. He heard the sentence (in italics; and, surely, incorrectly): "You shall be taken to a Place, and there you shall be hanged by the neck till you be Dead." "The Great Re-Trial commenced next day": the trial by the people, and the supposed murderer had his sentence commuted to Penal Servi-

tude for the term of his natural life. Through Six-and-Twenty years "he drew the same, or a similar, lesson from all recorded things. The Rich man robbed the Poor. The Strong man robbed the Weak. That was the end of it. That was the System. There was no Justice." Then, "one day the flags flew high on every steeple, bells clamoured, and guns boomed. From the High Altar in the Abbey to the uttermost end of the Empire, the whole heart of the Nation rejoiced at a Great Event. Then the Shadow softly stirred. Someone conveyed a supplication to the proper quarter at the proper time. Amongst other acts

of gracious clemency a Royal Pardon was granted to John O'Heart." Koffman was the first to greet him. "Presently, with every nerve on strain, with lips tight set, with every muscle braced quivering they walked down the long platform at Paddington. Nobody looked at them. Nobody noticed them. Then the dirt and darkness of London swallowed them whole. These Two. The one whose soul was filled with Hate, the other whose Gospel was destruction." Next entered The Man Behind the Mask, Prince Peteroff Kalytzin, and the great banker, Lord Ashcroft, a man who spoke with the unconscious arrogance of Utter Wealth. The financier sought John O'Heart, not knowing him to be his brother; the Prince sought also, and when he did find John this Prince of Terror saw two things—Lord Ashcroft's double, and a glorious opportunity. "Peter went out from the gloom into the glare of the City, the Great City which he soon would hold powerless at his feet. For Peteroff Kalytzin, the terrorist Chief, had determined to put a lay figure, solely controlled by himself, in the place of the Richest Man in the World. Then there should come Anarchy indeed!" As a matter of fiction, there came the kidnapping of the noble lord of the house of Afriat; John O'Heart in the banker's shoes and with the banker's cheque-book; a demand for gold in exchange for notes that caused the Bank of England to close its doors; the release of Lord Ashcroft by John, after he had spoken the words, "OUR mother is dead"; the righting of the bank; the murder of John; the suicide of Michael; and the outwitting of Peter. Who shall say that Messrs. Lyons and Raleigh have not made a bold bid for popularity? Their novel contains material sufficient for at least a brace of melodramas, and they have called to their aid things that the average author of the day is prone to neglect—a fine love of capital letters, a sprinkling of italics, and many a stirring sidehead. What more could mortal men do?

\*"The Master Crime." By Joseph Lyons and Cecil Raleigh.—No. 1 of the Lyons Library. (Cassell. 1s. net.)



A GIGANTIC BONDED-WAREHOUSE: A SCENE IN MESSRS. JAMES BUCHANAN AND CO.'S NEW WASHINGTON STREET BONDED STORES IN GLASGOW.

Glasgow now possesses the largest bonded stores of their kind in the world—the erection in Washington Street owned by Messrs. James Buchanan and Co., the famous whiskey distillers and blenders. The site occupied by the building would make a cricket-field of respectable size, while the housing capacity is 20,000 butts, which represent a duty of £1,500,000. Two of the blending vats contain 20,000 gallons each, and nine others hold from 10,000 gallons downwards. A week's work results in a pile of cases, four deep, reaching to the height of Ben Nevis.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 11.*

## AUTUMN ANIMATION.

IN a day or two August will be gone, and the Stock Exchange should, by all reasonable tradition, settle down into what ought to be a normal condition of autumn activity. Clients are returning from their holidays, eager to make a little money with which to refill bank balances depleted by our exhausting, expensive systems of obtaining "rest." The City is astir with the hope of better conditions prevailing after the lassitude of the summer—not that we had any summer this year, but the lassitude has not deserted us, even though the sunshine did. One or two quite active days have lately infused a hope into the House that business is still alive, and if only a few of the clouds on the financial horizon could be rolled off the scene—not to be replaced by others—markets might see a good September.

## TEXTILE SHARES.

From the Board of Trade returns, the prosperity of the textile trade is manifest enough, and the recent report of the Calico Printers Association shows that the companies are getting their fair share of the increased business. Nevertheless, the prices of English Sewing Cottons, of Coats, and Calicoes are not by any means gay, and proprietors are puzzled to know the reason for this apparent unresponsiveness to the better trade conditions. We have been at some trouble to investigate the matter, for it is one that interests a very large body of shareholders throughout the country. Our inquiries go to show that a deal of heavy liquidation, in Glasgow and in Manchester, has lately been going on. Whether they wanted or no, holders of Coats and Cottons were compelled to realise, with the result as seen in the fall of the shares. So far from the decline troubling proprietors, it should rather be welcomed as providing a good opportunity for the acquisition at least of Cottons and Calicoes at low prices.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

Finding his broker out of town, Our Stroller had taken the authorised clerk to coffee. Cigars and benedictine have a benevolising effect.

"Not got that partnership yet, Mr. Smith?"

"Not yet," was the reply. "And even if I had, I doubt—"

He stopped suddenly, and reddened.

But Our Stroller laughed.

"I know the story," he said. "It's about the junior office-boy applying for a rise, and when he was offered a partnership, he declined, on the grounds of wanting an advance. Isn't that—"

"Just finished an article saying that the worst is over, and that we shall see better times."

"You're wrong, all the same," his companion rejoined. He was evidently a journalist, too; one could tell by his plastic fingers.

"The discount market is perfectly sound; the Stock Exchange troubles are practically arranged; the talk of Americans having difficulty to finance their bills is grossly exaggerated."

"Who told you to say so?"

The other looked up keenly.

Then they both smiled.

"Who are they?" asked our friend.

The authorised clerk told him.

"Why did they laugh?"

"Oh, some newspapers always talk things good, because it is supposed to help them get prospectus advertisements. If they are bearish, and run things down, well—"

"You're a precocious young man," observed Our Stroller. "Have some more coffee."

"Hanged if I know what to put her into."

"Put her into Trunks, old man—Trunk Guaranteed Pays 4 per cent. on the money, and no worry."

"Canadian Pacific 4 per cent. Preference at 103½ is a better security."

"Some of each, then. Admirable, of their kind."

Our Stroller remarked that he thought people should get quite 5 per cent. on their money nowadays.

"Argentine Government Northern Central Railways 5 per cent. is a good bond," replied the authorised clerk. "And we have bought a lot of China Railways, Shanghai-Nanking Fives, for investment."

"They sound all right," agreed Our Stroller.

"And pay all but 5 per cent. on the money, you know," his informant added.

"I don't know why people refuse Home Railway stocks," the young fellow was saying.

"Perhaps the yield isn't enough."

"It is 4½ per cent. on the money, distributed over the best-class Ordinary stocks. And surely that's enough from such things as Home Railways?"

"It ought to be," Our Stroller agreed. "But then there are these possible labour troubles."

"There's nothing new about that," replied the youth. "Of course, this beastly Socialism rather frightens people."

"Then you think Home Rails are all right?"

"To lock up, I do. But I quite admit they may all have to go lower still before the turn comes."

"He's an absolute pick-up, hanged if he isn't!"

"What's he done now?"

"Well, this morning, for instance, he came to me in five hundred shares. I made him a price, and he dealt. When I try to undo it in the country, what do I find?"

"What?"

"Why, he's gone and dealt in the country as well! What d'you think of that for a broker?"

"My dear boy, he's got to do the best he can for his client, after all."

"His client! And how about—"

"Good-bye!" said Our Stroller, shaking hands. "I'll come in again next week."

## RUBBER COMPANIES.

Rubber Companies' shares have provided almost the only exception in the depression which has prevailed throughout the Stock Markets during the present year, and none of those which have been recommended in these columns could now be acquired unless at much higher prices than when I first mentioned them. It follows, of course, that to a buyer to-day these shares are not now the bargain that they were; but if a purchaser limits his choice to the very best of these Companies, there is no reason why the investment should not prove a satisfactory one, and for the next few years, at any rate, dividends are certain to increase. Whether in course of time the supply of rubber may be brought up to the demand, and above it, is a question which has been much debated and on which everyone is entitled to his own opinion; but there can be little doubt that for some years to come all those Companies which are in a position to supply Para Rubber may rely on obtaining a price which leaves them an enormous margin of profit. For this reason I think that intending buyers would do well now to confine their purchases to the shares of those companies which have a large number of trees already in bearing, or nearing the producing stage, rather than invest in Companies which are only now beginning to plant trees. In the latter case the buyer must expect to wait a long time before receiving any return, with all the additional risk of a possible considerable fall in the price of rubber in the interim. I add a few particulars of three of the Companies, which, after a good deal of inquiry, I am inclined to place in the very front rank. It will be understood, of course, that I am here referring only to rubber-producing Companies, and not to Companies like the Ceylon Tea Plantations, or the United Lankat Plantations Company, in which the production of rubber is at present only a subsidiary source of income.

(1) The *Anglo-Malay Rubber Company*, which I first recommended at the time of its flotation nearly two years ago. Even at their present high price this Company's shares are a sound investment; 18 per cent. was paid for last year, and for the current year 40 per cent. is looked for. Number of trees planted—375,000, of which 205,000 are four years old and upwards. Output of rubber, January to July 1907, 101,578 lb.; corresponding months of 1906, 36,860 lb.

(2) The *Highlands and Lowlands Rubber Company*. Number of trees planted—322,000, of which 200,000 are three years old and upwards. Output of rubber for the six months ending June 1907, 91,535 lb.; corresponding months of 1906, 40,571 lb.

(3) The *Bukit-Rajah Rubber Company* has a total number of trees planted 218,903, of which some 35,000 were tapped in the year ending March 1906. Another 50,000 trees are about six years old, and will soon be in full bearing. In July 1906 a dividend of 6 per cent. was paid; in July 1907 30 per cent. was distributed, and for next year a much larger harvest of rubber is estimated, and consequently a higher rate of dividend is expected. Q.

P.S.—I hear *Puhangs* are likely to appreciate in price.

Saturday, Aug. 24, 1907.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

INVESTMENT.—Naturally, the Grand Trunk Second Preference is more speculative than the First, but we think there is little doubt as to the dividend being maintained, and consider that the money will be well invested in the stock.

KINGS.—The shares can still be held, but of course the future is entirely wrapped up with that of the Kaffir Circus as a whole.

H. M. W.—Thank you very much for your letter in reply to ours. We think, certainly, it would be a pity to let the whole thing slide.

AFRICAN BANKS.—Your fears with regard to a possible reduction in the dividends are, unfortunately, only too likely to materialise. Some time hence the shares will, we consider, recover in value, but it is no use shutting one's eyes to the extreme probability of a further fall first.

W. W. E.—(1) Quite the contrary. (2) A notorious bucket-shop.

S. L.—They can be sold for about three and ninepence in the Stock Exchange, but we don't believe in the concern.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think Plum Tree has a chance for the Great Ebor Handicap. Some of the other races at York may go to the following: Londesborough Welter, Reckless; Convivial Produce Stakes, Flying Scud; Harewood Handicap, Billidere; Great Yorkshire Stakes, Qu'appelle; Gimcrack Stakes, Royal Realm; Fairfield Plate, Slim Lad. At Hamilton Park, I like Thunderbolt for the Caledonian Hunt Cup, and Vasco for the Autumn Handicap. The following may go close at Gatwick—August Handicap, Romney; Pilgate Welter, Vestal; Home Bred Two-Year-Old Plate, Cockenzie; Sutton Handicap, James; Kite Handicap, Demure; Moderate Plate, Reckless; Rostrum Handicap, Sea Gal; Lowfield Plate, Isis.



## THE MAN ON THE CAR.—(Continued.)

MANY and particular have been the efforts made during the season to devise some handicapping method by which cars of various powers, weights, and body shapes may be brought together on an even competitive basis either in sprint races or hill-climbs. I fear that it cannot be said that these efforts have met with a large measure of success; the reason is the real lack of positive knowledge upon the subject. Let us consider for a moment the one salient factor of wind-resistance—the effect of air-pressure upon a body of such complex form as a motor-car, when that body is propelled through the air at great speed. I know a rough calculation is made for the purposes of the Royal Automobile Club's formulæ, but that allowance is by no means adequate, one way or the other, in every case. Realising that reliable data is urgently required, and as little seemed available, Mr. S. F. Edge recently instituted and carried out some very valuable and painstaking experiments at Brooklands with the idea of getting at something tangible. For this purpose a 40-h.p. six-cylinder Napier car was fitted with a special form of variable wind-screen, and run up and down the winning straight of the Weybridge track against the watch, so that the

increase or diminution of the speed due to the varied area of the wind-screen could be accurately noted.

In order to understand the ingenious manner in which the wind-pressure was tested on the various areas, it must be understood that immediately behind the driver's seat two tall poles were set up, and strongly stayed fore and aft and crosswise to the car. On these poles a screen of 30 square feet—namely, 6 ft. in height by 5 ft. in width—was formed of transverse laths 6 ft. long and 2 in. wide, so that each lath represented one square foot of area. Sixteen test runs were made, the first being with the total area exposed to the wind, and each succeeding run with 2 square feet less, the reduction in area being made by the withdrawal of two of the laths. It is impossible in the space at my disposal to give the speeds of all these trials, but some idea of the varying effects of the wind-pressure may be afforded by the statement that, while in a normal condition—that is, without any portion of the screen exposed—the car ran at 79 miles per hour; with 6 square feet offered to the wind, the speed dropped to 70½ miles per hour; with 18 square feet, to 57 miles per hour; with 24 square feet, to 56½ miles per hour; and with the full screen, equal to 30 square feet, the speed was reduced to 47.85 miles per hour, or something approaching half the normal rate.



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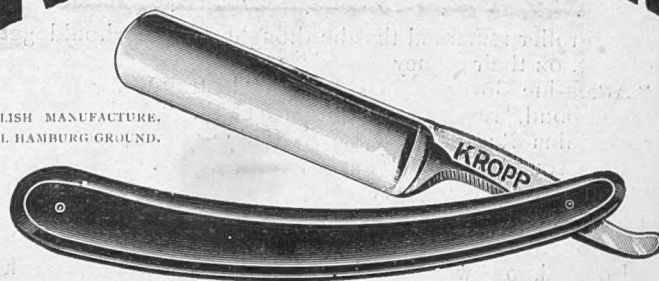
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